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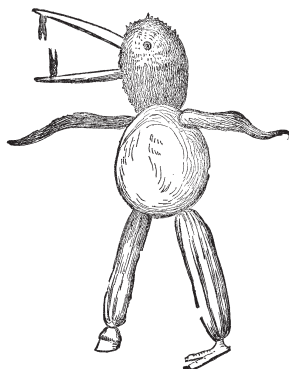


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twenty seven



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COVER:

Caryl Pagel

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Mary Ruefle

This day
a wild forest,
being at home

This day
trees meet perhaps
and rejoice

This day
announcing
the importance of confetti

This day
we take up the hem
of our sorrow

This day
wherein we love one another more than ever
but lose the desire to prove it

This day
once upon a time and maybe
nowadays who knows

This day
knows exactly where we are
and how much time is left

This day
spake to the Great Turk
then whispered to us

This day
crosses the river of tenderness
like a berry to the rescue

This day
was wet on top and happy
like a cupcake

This day
the mystic drama of a clumsy hare
is filmed in gold

This day
the meanders of an insouciant cow
end in a field of daisies

This day
the elves' disquisition is dedicated to us,
he wishbone sails our way

This day
The most passionate form of repair
And resurrection, a button found in the ocean

This day
The atom remembers to make friends on earth
A billion maybe two

This day
shall I ejaculate?

This day
O beautiful thou art
in spite of thy Great Naughtiness

This day
of trembling joy, I know not whether
you can fit it into your laws

This day
it did happen and it happened
exactly the way we remembered it

Exactly

To be alone in a dead world
breathing forever did not happen on
this day

(sing again)

SOME PEOPLE

Wendy Xu

I had a theory, it flung its scent over
every shadow surface. One human apartment, one
comes to a loud boil in the morning. If they found
me oblique then I am doing this for my bluer
augmented self now. Fear of the unannounced
colloquial war, or, I liked it when the sullen man said
“just leave your name.” The restaurant
was crowded. The news was death watches
are available, I felt devoted to my new angel
of losing time. Categorical elegy. Something I thought
today was system error, was reverent, was one
or orbiting nothing. No other.

RECOVERY

Whatever the vectors pushed off into, a flight
inching home in snow, you in your delighted
heavy abstraction. I was an egg and more eggs swimming
in the margin's pool. Life is vague, and vaguer when
we still kneeling in front of the television push
a finger inside. I smoke alone in my room, the war was
a disambiguation across platforms, notably its own
eddy to music. The it of love was on my mind.
A halo of newsprint, when I became alone I claimed
the greedy living text, jasmine, the sink sang
its steam about the house. The war was a syntactical
construction pointing back towards itself. When I
became alone I could not turn off
the radio's list of fatalities. I locked my literal body
inside the green deadbolt. The house breathed
its hotter mouth, when I became alone the whiter hand
of my country sweeping toward me.

THREE POEMS

James Haug

There was a spot by the river that had nothing in it. It was a perfect spot for a hotel. But everyone had ideas about what kind of hotel it should be. A transient hotel, said the crows. Hotels are by definition transient, said the squirrels. You come, and when it's time, you go. Every good hotel however must have a revolving door. A hotel should feature a good view of the street from every room, the cows said. It's important to spy on who's coming and who's going. A good old-fashioned hotel, said the bears, where a fellow can take up for months at a time, with parties and women, and Do Not Disturb signs. A hotel with a good restaurant, and no questions asked, said the bobcats. And valet parking, the ducks said. Make that underground parking, said the skunks, and a casino. It must be for the whole family, said the badgers. There has to be a chapel, the field mice said, and multi-denominational services. A hotel with rooms by the hour, the trout said, and a pale clerk with yellow teeth working the desk all night, and a mop in a bucket in the hall, and cheap red bibles. The walls must be thin, the frogs said, so you won't forget that you're surrounded by others. The walls must be thick, said the wrens, so you won't forget you're all alone. Rooms full of mirrors, said the possums, and access to ledges. Rooms that fit only a bed and an ashtray, the garter snakes said. Rooms that are suites that open into more suites, said the porcupines, and wind billowing the curtains, and monogrammed bathrobes. There should be famous books for children about the hotel, the deer said, with pictures. It should have no sign in front, said the moles. It should have no address, said the owls. It should be built on nothing, the raccoons said, and disappear when you look for it. And hats will be forbidden, said a pair of ferrets, who formed the smallest contingent of all.

You don't have to keep going down to the river, you know. It's not always a pleasant place. Bears were sighted there recently. The spring floods have uprooted so many trees. Don't forget the strange man with a dog. He was soaking wet, the man. Was he talking to himself? You shouldn't be running away like that. Personally, I think with all this rain, the ground is hurt. It's doing things that won't support us, falling away in places. You're going to put your foot down one evening without looking and the ground won't be there. Is this what you want? You'll be tumbling down deep into a hole, asking yourself over and over, Well, Well?

You can't play a sad song on a banjo. You can play a lullaby or a sonata. You can play a scary song on a banjo. You can fill a room. You can't build a room with a banjo. The banjo itself is the most improbable of designs. Grown men are generally between 2 ½ and 3 ½ banjos tall. You can pretend a banjo is a canoe paddle. You can pretend a canoe paddle is a banjo. You can cross a lake, your paddle strumming the water. You can hear a banjo from the shore, a banjo lit by a campfire, a banjo that rattles like a collection plate. The banjo you remember well will sound always far away. Chester A. Arthur is the only president ever photographed with a banjo. In the photograph he's reluctant to touch it. Arthur was unsure what a banjo would do to his already sketchy reputation. Even the banjo looks shy.

GHOST, ZERO, SUITCASE, AND THE MOON

Richard Siken

Contrast and likeness, the difference between one bird and many. The similarity of one bird, one worm, one stone. From finger-counting to sticks, to symbols, to abstractions: magnitudes no longer represented by pebbles. Numbers larger than ten

are no longer human: they fly from the hand into the imaginary sky we call hypothesis. Take this bird, for example: make it equal something. Get it on one side of the sky. Solve means isolate. Solve means conquer. The numbers suit up and take the field.

Was I discovered or invented? asks the zero. *Feels like I've always been here.* I put a line around his border but he still wasn't there. A hole in the world. A failure. I turned away. *You start counting at one, not zero, which is wrong,* says the moon. Thing or nothing,

where or nowhere. *Measure yourself against truth and not the other way around,* says the ghost. Man, moon, ghost, zero—naming rounds off. Perfect and completely dead. *Your math is crazy,* says the moon. *You can count to eight with the spaces between your*

*fingers, says the ghost. If you have one apples and
I take away one apples you have zero apples and a sadness,
says the sadness. It's true, says eleven, putting on
his suit. Counting is boring, even when it works, says
the square root of negative one. Subtraction is worse, says*

*the ghost while the sadness nods his head. Math is just
replacing things with other things, says the moon.
Skull on a bottle equals poison, says the moon. We erase
birds from the sky in an attempt to solve for, we put
bodies in piles in an attempt to solve for, says the ghost.*

*People don't learn anything unless they are afraid of
being left behind, says the suitcase. I am afraid, says the
suitcase. Here and there and what to do about it. Leave
out the equal sign and the very idea of place will end,
says the equal sign. Even when you are in rocketships.*

GLUE

I stepped out so things could progress without me.
The knot of the self: take it out. The knot of the self:
what is the rope? The ability to nullify the self
in favor of the landscape, or a lover, or a bowl of fruit.
What happens when I no longer want to meet you?

Something interesting. A legitimate answer, but
it leaves a hole. Nothing lasts forever: we know this.
Looking changes the looker: we know this. It's easier
to talk about one thing at a time: I know, I know.
Mortal love? Sure. Lovers abandoned and desperate?

Sure. Longing and suffering? Of course, of course.
You want it to mean something. Sad pinks cakes.
Five strange blue things. You want to have it glued
together. *The days were short and the halls were long.*
Something like that. Crawled up the pleat of my coat:

a shadow did. Shut the basement door: a ghost did.
It accumulates. Grounding the abstract offers several
pleasures: certainly. Love, maybe love, maybe
bathtub: certainly. Grabbing the throat of it: that's
what we always do. You can disconnect it or you can

try to glue it all together. He could glue it all together.
I could. Who's speaking anyway? *Not really a problem,*
says the moon. *Since y'all look the same from up here.*
We could pull it apart, spend our whole lives pulling it
apart and have no time left to do anything smart with

the pieces. The wrong things have been wired together. Things that shouldn't touch. The sooner you embrace it, the sooner it will leave you. Okay. The bruise: milk-yellow. You are what you cover up. Okay, okay. These damages are connected. I glued

more pictures to it: doctored, rigged, unverifiable. There were boxes in my head and I moved them around, pretended it changed something. It didn't work. I plugged in my cord to see what kind of lamp I was. It didn't matter.

What is a ghost? What is a painting? Yes and yes, the same answers. My mind wanted a reward, so it filled in all the gaps it found, smoothed it all out. I lost the important parts and I set about restoring. Wanting to show and not being able. Sometimes

the wing of the bird and sometimes the bird trying to fly. The bird eats worms. At least that one pure thing. Put yourself in the painting: you are responsible. Broadcast from a smeary place: you are responsible. Wearing your dead face,

your man face, your real face: you are responsible. Clomp clomp down the mines of thinking—the compromise: where the thought wants to go and where you want it to go. Truth is relative to the model: big deal. Mathematicians extend

the natural language: big deal. Precision is necessary so we can know what we are investigating. Yes, yes: show me. What holds it together? Glue, some kind of glue. The image remains as a body would. I turned the image over like a rock, but then the worms.

from SERIE OSPEDALIERA (1963–1965)

Amelia Rosselli

This garden that within my figured
mind seems to want to open new
small horizons for my joy after last night's
storm, this garden is slightly white
maybe green if I wish to color it
and it waits for someone to step inside,
its pacificity is unappealing. A dead corner
a life that descends without caring
to cellars full of meaning now
that death with its effusions has declared
its own importance. And within
the effusion a small dream insists on being
remembered—I am peace it nearly screams
and you don't remember my solemn shores!
But the garden is quiet—paradise, by a trick of fate,
isn't anything that you seek outside of me,
I who am the renunciation; it announces me
first painfully then cautiously in its

creation the firmament I sought.

Whispering peace, I found you
trying to disappear. It's
as if, in your emptiness crowned with indecent
navels, a true story were born,
truly heedful of your words.
And in the engagement that I deem necessary
to take as your home
a flower trembles again, it is my
mind sick with so many false solutions.

Overturning stylistics, carrying off
that fracas of shrewd cars
and returning right after dinner
I perceive, exactly, your kingdom still
to be dusted off, the knee bandage
to be tried again!

You don't remember my golden shores, as if I think
obnoxious you lean out the balcony, without seeing
anything beyond your mind, which struggles to write
beautiful things. Otherwise with every gust of wind
you'd be there, at the hanging, enriched by your
richly metaphored foundations.

And then you'll see the blue sky, coloring itself with
your spite which leans out too, assisting you,
attending you as you embroider other small artifices,
or shipwreck, with your muse. And how sweet
to shipwreck in this wild sleep, and how sweet to not think
beyond the mania of seeing, touching, feeling
smelling your full repose.

Then you touch the foot, you spill it into the olifactory, you
take it by the hand and approach it, the sign on the segment
that pops up between the rocks, which covering you the houses
become fortresses, for your small town, that amuses itself
almost innocently, you raised the bull so much.

And you push it, the foot, to an open door, and you greet
the ladies (to the man you don't offer your hand). And then
you descend again, through naked piazzas
through no-man's land, alleys swollen with the
rain, which you don't see so much now that it's dry the sky
unsheathed you descend again, the hour accompanies you,
it's a mix of fate and your habit of making
every sob into one more life.

On a wholly human level, as if his journey were unfinished, I said to him: "don't grab friendship by the shirt," "this is finite." If you're not taking journeys, if you're not taking advantage, at least take off your shirt so I can see the sweat.

And he responded: "if a line is wholly right, clear, if my whole belonging is right," and I: "it's not only that you're on the right line that tends to curve; it curves, it kisses your hand." And he responded "but I set out furious, I'm thinking over your words uselessly."

"They gaunt me." —viaduct conducted to the madness of knowing you're with me, but distant and inaccessible, a secret stabbing in the heart of things. They wither they become scarcer, ever repeated, in a tight garland around your finite brow.

I inherited the grass, some things, the hammers on your brow, an increasingly dull tragedy. From the grass I inherited its dull color, cut the fodder in two. And chisel it, the future, before you corresponding with yourself (before you saved yourself) I fell. You fall trembling, overpowered, by your immense brow.

And there was nothing beyond the fodder. Chiseled masterfully, burrowed I picked out two of them. Trembling, trembling miseries, small shiny plates.

Papers stamped for the incinerated a red
poppy lit up as if it were your grotesque
expectations I'd say if it weren't in so doing
I seek an illumination of plans despite
the inherent difficulties of your roughness. In the
rock in the street a verification of chaste
objects if you undervalue them and in the
largeness of the street there's also a tandem. In the
verecundity of enlightened subjects they governed
pools of small blood sparse is the ground of
undulating inkwells reborn when
you're broken.

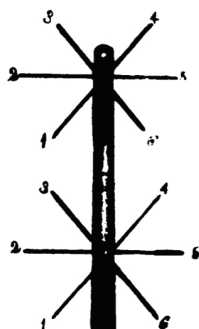
Translated from the Italian by Diana Thow



NEWFOUNDLANDS

JOHN R. PARKER'S

SEMAPHORIC TELEGRAPH.

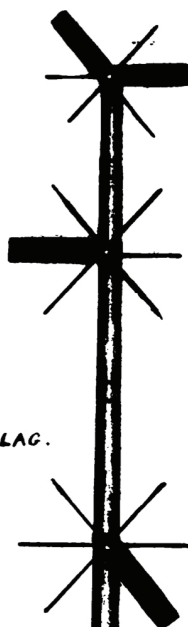


AT REST.

CONVERSATION



FLAG.



WHAT IS HER NAME.

MARINE TELEGRAPH FLAGS.



CONVERSATION FLAG, LETTER B, INDICATOR 1—3.

M. T. N. IND. 1—3.	M. T. N. IND. 1—3.	M. T. N. IND. 1—3.
465 It will be better	633 Blockade of	1155 Send a boat on shore
466 Much better	634 Blockading squadron	1156 Send boats to our (or her) assistance
511 You had better	635 Blood, y	1162 Send boats to tow
512 You had better not	636 Blood shed [sel]	1163 Send letters or message by a boat
513 You had better wait	641 Burst a blood vessel	1164 Boatswain, s
514 Betray, s, ed, ing	642 Blot, s, ted	1165 Body, ies, ly
515 Between	643 Blow, s, n, ing	1166 Any body
516 Between decks	644 Blows off shore	1212 Every body
521 Between the	645 Blowing a hurricane	1213 The body of
522 Between wind and water	646 Blowing into the harbor	1214 Boiler
523 Between us	651 If it comes on to blow from [compass signal]	1215 Burst her boiler
524 Between you	652 If it continues to blow	1216 Damaged her boiler
526 Beware, v. Caution	653 It blows too hard	1221 Boisterous, ly [er]
531 Beyond	654 If it blows hard	1223 Boisterous weather
532 Beyond anything	655 It has blown a heavy gale	1224 Bold, ly, ness
533 Beyond every	656 Blubber	1225 A bold coast
534 Beyond the buoy	661 Blue	1226 A bold exploit
535 Beyond the floating or outer light house	662 Blue cross	1231 A bold shore
536 Big, ger	663 Blue flag	1232 Bolt, s, ed, ing
541 Biggest	664 Bluff	1233 Bond, s, ed
542 Bilge, s, d, ing	665 Blunder, s, ed, ing	1234 In bond
543 Bilge pump	1122 Board, ed, ing, er, v. Aboard	1235 Bonnet, s
544 Bilge water	1123 All on board perished	1236 Book, s
545 Is bilged and requires assistance	1124 All on board saved	1241 Boom, s, ed, ing
546 Bill, s	1125 Come on board immediately	1242 Jib boom
551 Binnacle	1126 Has been run on board of by	1243 Sternsail boom
552 Bind, s, ing, v. Bound	1132 I will come on board	1244 Bore, s, d, ing
553 Birth	1133 Run on board of	1245 Bore down
554 In a bad birth	1134 Send on board	1246 Both
556 In a foul birth	1135 Shall I send on board ?	1251 Both of them
561 In a good birth	1136 Was boarded by	1252 Both the
562 Biscuit	1142 We have on board	1253 Bottle, s
563 Short of biscuit	1143 Will you come on board ?	1254 Bottles of
564 Bit	1144 Boat, s, ing, v. Steam Boat	1255 Bottom
565 Bite	1145 Boats are sent to assist	1256 Copper bottom
566 Black	1146 Jolly boat	1261 Made a hole in her bottom
611 Black sides	1152 Life boat	1262 Rocky bottom
612 Painted black	1153 Lost her boat	1263 Bottomry
613 Blame, s, d, ing, able	1154 Send a boat on board	1264 Bought, v. Buy
614 Much to blame		1265 Bound, s, ed
615 To whom does the blame attach ?		1266 Bound from
616 You are to blame		1312 Bound to
621 Blank, s		1313 Homeward bound
622 Blanket, s		1314 Outward bound
623 Blaze, d, ing		1315 Where are you bound
624 Blew, v. Blow		1316 Wind bound at
625 Blew a gale of wind		1321 Bounty
626 It blew from the		1322 Bow, s
631 Block, s		1323 On larboard bow
632 Blockade, ing		1324 On starboard bow

- 4612 What is your latitude by ob-
servation ? [count ?
- 4613 What is your latitude by ac-
4614 Have you had an observation
to-day ?
- 4615 Where do you belong to ?
- 4616 Are you all well on board ?
- 4621 How many sick have you on
board ?
- 4622 Is your sickness contagious ?
- 4623 Report my ship when you ar-
rive. [out.
- 4624 Report the time I have been
- 4625 I have a passenger who wishes
to go with you, can you ac-
commodate him ?
- 4626 I have — passengers wish to
go with you, can you accom-
modate them ? [sengers.
- 4631 I can accommodate — pas-
4632 How many passengers wish to
come ?
- 4633 I am short of provisions.
- 4634 I am short of water.
- 4635 I have no provisions.
- 4636 I have no water. [visions ?
- 4641 Can you spare some fresh pro-
4642 Can you spare me some small
stores ?
- 4643 Can you spare me some liquor ?
- 4645 Can you spare me some candles ?
- 4646 Can you spare me some lamp-
oil ? [— ?
- 4651 Can you spare me a chart of
4652 Spare me a nautical almanac ?
- 4653 Spare me a compass ?
- 4654 Spare me a quadrant ?
- 4655 Spare me a spy-glass ?
- 4656 Spare me some rigging ?
- 4661 Spare me some spars ?
- 4662 Spare me some sails ?
- 4663 I have lost some of my crew.
- 4664 How many men do you want ?
- 4665 I will send my boat.
- 5112 My boat is lost or stove.
- 5113 Will you send your boat.
- 5114 My vessel is leaky.
- 5115 What assistance do you want ?
- 5116 My vessel is very leaky, don't
leave me. [assistance.
- 5121 My vessel is sinking come to my
- 5122 I have been run on board.
- 5123 Will you keep close to me ?
- 5124 I will keep close to you.
- 5125 Are you acquainted with this
coast ?
- 5126 I am acquainted with this coast.
- 5131 I am not acquainted with this
coast. [gerous.
- 5132 This coast or channel is dan-
5133 This coast or channel is not
dangerous. [coast ?
- 5134 Can a pilot be procured on this
- 5135 Shall we keep company ?
- 5136 If you can sail as fast as my
- 5141 I must part company. [vessel.
- 5142 Do not part company.
- 5143 Come along side I wish to
speak. [steer ?
- 5144 What course do you intend to
- 5145 I shall steer —.
- 5146 I shall steer until —.
- 5151 I shall stand off till —.
- 5152 Have you seen the land ?
- 5153 I have seen the land.
- 5154 The land is in sight.
- 5156 How does the land bear ?
- 5161 What land do you make it to
- 5162 I don't know the land. [be ?
- 5163 Do you intend to stand in for
the land ?
- 5164 I shall not stand in for the land.
- 5165 I shall stand in for the land
till —.
- 5166 I shall lay too all night.
- 5211 I am acquainted with the land.
- 5212 If you will follow me I will
carry a light. [ing on.
- 5213 There is no danger in stand-
5214 There is danger in standing in
for the land.
- 5215 Have you been on shore ?
- 5216 I have not been on shore.
- 5221 Have you had any communi-
cation from shore ?
- 5223 I have had no communication
from shore. [go with me ?
- 5224 I am going on shore, will you
- 5225 I shall not go on shore.
- 5226 I shall go shore at —.
- 5231 I shall send my boat on shore
at —.
- 5232 Are you acquainted on shore ?
- 5233 I am not acquainted on shore ?
- 5234 Will you put me on shore in
your boat ?
- 5235 My boat is not going on shore.
- 5236 Has your vessel been on shore ?
- 5241 My vessel has not been on shore.
- 5242 My vessel has been on shore.
- 5243 My vessel received no damage.
- 5244 My vessel did receive damage.
- 5245 Report to my owner, my vessel
sails well.

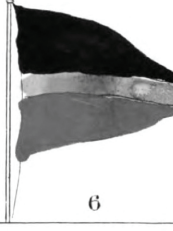
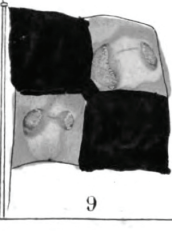
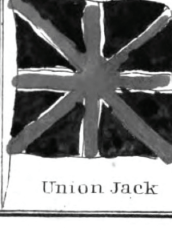
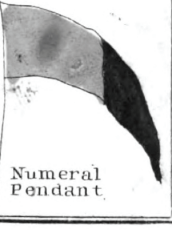
- 5246 Report to my owner, I met a good market.
 5251 Report to my owner, I met a bad market. [board.
 5252 Heave to, I will send letters on
 5253 Heave to, on the laboard tack.
 5254 Heave to, on the starboard do.
 5256 Shorten sail, I cannot keep up.
 5261 Make more sail.
 5262 I cannot make more sail.
 5263 My main-mast is sprung.
 5264 My fore-mast is sprung.
 5265 My mizen-mast is sprung.
 5266 I have sprung my main-yard.
 5311 I have sprung my fore-yard.
 5312 I have sprung my bowsprit.
 5313 I have sprung my topsail-yard.
 5314 Do you intend to make a harbor?
 5315 I shall make a harbor. [bor?
 5316 I shall not make a harbor.
 5321 Are you acquainted with the harbor? [harbor.
 5322 I am not acquainted with the
 5323 Is there plenty of water to enter the harbor?
 5324 There is plenty of water at the entrance of the harbor.
 5325 Are you acquainted with the entrance of the harbor?
 5326 I am not acquainted with the entrance of the harbor.
 5331 Will you follow me into the harbor? [bor.
 5332 I will follow you into the harbor.
 5334 Have you had soundings?
 5335 I have had soundings.
 5336 How many fathoms had you?
 5341 What bottom had you?
 5342 Rocky bottom.
 5343 Sand or shells.
 5344 Muddy bottom.
 5345 Sand and shells.
 5346 Pebbly bottom.
 5351 Good bottom for anchorage.
 5352 Bad bottom for anchorage.
 5353 Tack, if you can. [board tack.
 5354 Haul your wind on the starboard
 5356 Haul your wind on the laboard
 5361 I shall anchor. [tack.
 5362 Shall you anchor? [permit.
 5363 I shall anchor if circumstances
 5364 Do not anchor, there is danger.
 5365 I have but one anchor.
 5366 I have no anchor.
 5411 I cannot purchase my anchor without help.
 5412 Do you know the anchorage?
- 5413 I know the anchorage.
 5414 I do not know the anchorage.
 5415 Anchorage is good.
 5416 Anchorage is not good.
 5421 Have you obtained anchorage?
 5422 I have not obtained anchorage.
 5423 I have obtained anchorage.
 5424 The anchorage is not safe if the wind blows from —.
 5425 The anchorage is safe while the wind continues or blows from —.
 5426 At what time do you intend to weigh? [goes down.
 5431 I shall weigh when the breeze
 5432 I shall weigh upon the ebb.
 5433 I shall weigh upon the flood.
 5434 I shall weigh at slack water.
 5435 I shall weigh at —.
 5436 I shall weigh as soon as the wind changes.
 5441 Will you weigh to-day?
 5442 Wind and weather permitting.
 5443 I shall keep under easy sail.
 5445 Keep under easy sail.
 5446 I shall carry all sail possible.
 5451 I intend to carry sail all night.
 5452 I shall heave to till you are out.
 5453 I wish to try rate of sailing with you.
 5454 Where shall we rendezvous?
 5456 We will rendezvous at —.
 5461 You will be put on quarantine.
 5462 Shall I be put on quarantine?
 5463 Is the quarantine law in force?
 5464 How many days is the quarantine to continue?
 5465 When did you part company?
 5466 I parted company on the —.
 5511 We are to leeward of the port.
 5512 We are to windward of the port.
 5513 The port is right ahead.
 5514 Heave to, I shall send my boat on board. [on board.
 5516 I shall heave to, send your boat
 5521 Have you heard of —?
 5522 At what hour?
 5523 Current sets off shore.
 5524 Current sets on shore.
 5526 Current sets —.
 5531 What distance are we from —.
 5532 Are you acquainted with the channel? [nel.
 5533 I am acquainted with the channel.
 5534 I am not acquainted with the channel. [channel?
 5536 Will you lead through the

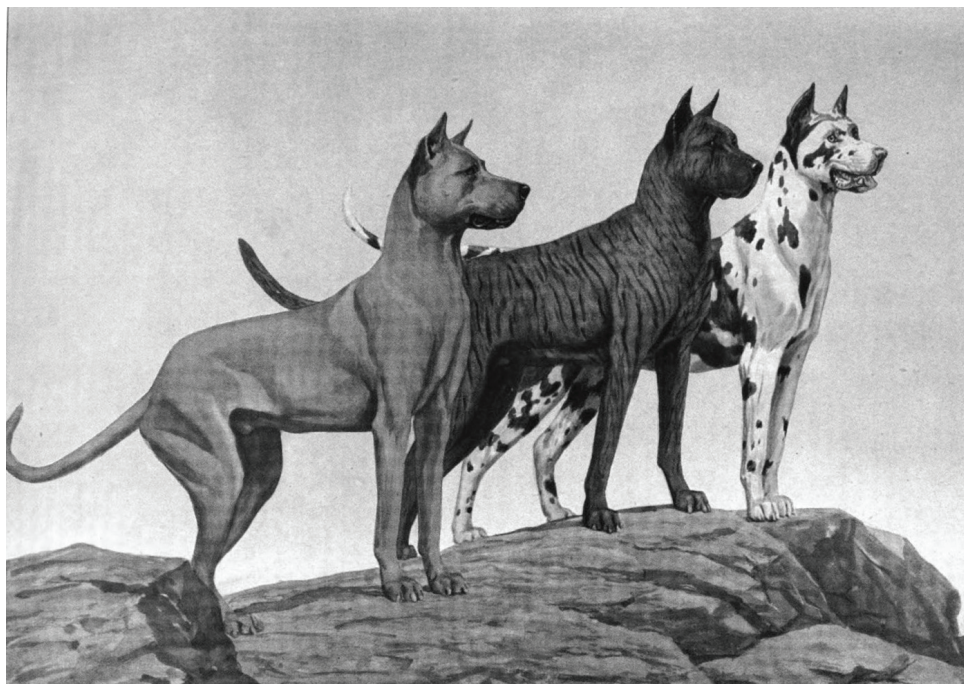
- 5541 I will lead you into a good birth. 6124 Vessels are men-of-war.
 5542 The bar is dangerous. 6125 Vessels are not men-of-war.
 5543 The bar is not dangerous. 6126 I am short of powder. [der.
 5544 It is a bar harbor. 6131 Can you spare me some pow-
 5546 The bar cannot be crossed but 6132 Can you spare me some shot?
 at high water. [water. 6133 Vessel or vessels in sight are
 5561 The bar may be crossed at low 6134 Have you made any captures?
 5562 I shall bear up. 6135 I have captured —.
 5563 You had better bear up. 6136 Vessel or vessels, is or are in
 5564 You are near the rocks. chase of us.
 5566 There are rocks ahead. 6141 Shall we heave to?
 5611 There are rocks on the lar- 6142 Shall we give chase?
 board bow. [board bow. 6143 I will give chase.
 5612 There are rocks on the star- 6144 Vessel chasing is a friend.
 5613 If you continue your course 6145 Vessel chasing is an enemy.
 you will be on the rocks. 6146 Vessel is a ship.
 5614 Keep nearer to the rocks. 6151 Vessel is a brig.
 5615 There is a long reef runs off. 6152 Vessel is a schooner.
 5616 There are rocks bearing by 6153 Vessel is a sloop.
 compass —. 6154 What colors shall we hoist?
 5621 There is a shoal ahead. 6155 Vessel has struck her colors.
 5622 The shoals are dangerous. 6156 Vessel has shown her colors.
 5623 There is too much surf to land. 6161 What colors has vessel shown?
 5624 I am going on shore. [port. 6162 Vessel captured is armed.
 5625 I shall not go on shore at this 6163 Vessel captured is a merchant-
 5626 It is not safe to go on shore. man.
 5631 Are you going on shore? 6164 A strange vessel is in sight.
 5632 If going on shore, I'll take a 6165 Peace has taken place.
 passage. [you a passage. 6211 Peace is expected to take place.
 5633 I am going ashore, and will give 6212 Peace is ratified between —.
 5634 Shall you send on shore? 6213 I am short manned.
 5635 I am going to send on shore. 6214 I am well manned.
 5636 Mate is ashore. 6215 Prepare for action.
 5641 I cannot go ashore. 6216 I shall commence action.
 5642 Boat is ashore. 6221 Commence action.
 5643 My vessel is ashore. [tinue. 6223 Renew action.
 5644 You will be on shore if you con- 6224 I must leave off action.
 5645 You are too near the shore. 6225 Hostilities have commenced
 5656 Keep more off shore. between —.
 5651 Keep nearer to the shore. 6226 Are you prepared?
 5652 I will meet you on shore. 6231 Can you assist me?
 5653 Will you meet me on shore? 6232 Do you want assistance?
 5654 I shall stand off shore all night. 6233 What assistance do you want?
 5656 I shall stand off shore until —. 6234 I shall make the attempt.
 5661 I am armed. 6235 Have you made the attempt?
 5662 I am not armed. 6236 Shall you make the attempt?
 5663 She is an armed vessel. 6241 I made the attempt, but did not
 5664 She is not an armed vessel. succeed.
 5665 How many guns have you 6242 Will you keep more away?
 6112 I have no guns. [mounted. 6243 I shall keep more away.
 6113 I have short guns. 6244 On the starboard quarter.
 6114 I have long guns. 6245 On the larboard quarter.
 6115 I have carronades only. 6246 On the starboard bow.
 6116 My guns will not reach. 6251 On the larboard bow.
 6121 Vessel is within gun-shot. 6252 Who is your agent?
 6122 Vessel is a man-of-war. 6253 Spell the name.
 6123 Vessel is not a man-of-war.

- 6254 Call at the post-office for letters. 6424 I am obliged to slip cable with
 6255 Will you take up my letters? a buoy, take it up after my
 6256 When did you write last? departure.
 6261 When do you intend to write? 6425 Cargo is damaged.
 6262 By to-morrow's post. 6426 Cargo is much damaged.
 6263 By to-day's post. 6431 Cargo is not damaged.
 6264 By yesterday's post. [last? 6432 I have lost my rudder.
 6265 When did you receive letters 6433 Rudder is damaged.
 6311 Will you put letters in the post- 6434 The vessel — of — is lost
 office for me? or foundered.
 6312 There is an opportunity for 6435 At what place?
 letters to —. 6436 Nobody saved.
 6313 There is no opportunity. 6441 All on board saved.
 6314 First convenient opportunity. 6442 The captain was saved.
 6315 I intend to write. 6443 The captain is lost and dead.
 6316 Shall you write? 6445 Part of the crew and passen-
 6321 I have written. gers were saved.
 6322 Will you take a letter or letters? 6446 Part of the crew and passen-
 6323 Has the packet arrived? gers were lost.
 6324 The packet arrived before I left. 6451 What number?
 6325 The packet has not arrived. 6452 What time, or what o'clock?
 6326 The packet will sail on —. 6453 When shall you be complete?
 6331 Are there any arrivals from —. 6454 I shall be complete —.
 6332 I have had an answer. 6455 I have no chronometer.
 6334 I have not had an answer. 6456 How many fish have you taken?
 6335 What date was the last arrival 6461 Have you had a good fishing
 from —? season? [fishing.
 6336 Have you had an answer? 6462 The season has been good for
 6341 Is there anything for me? 6463 The season has been bad for
 6342 What does it appear like? fishing. [caught here.
 6343 Have you had any account 6464 There is plenty of fish to be
 of —? 6465 Have you any commands?
 6344 I have not ascertained. 6511 Can you make out her flag or
 6345 It could not be ascertained. signal?
 6346 Yesterday. 6512 What is her flag or signal?
 6351 To-day. 6513 I shall pass within hail.
 6352 To-morrow. 6514 Have you heard from home?
 6353 Homeward bound. 6515 I have not heard from home.
 6354 How many days ago? 6516 When did you hear from home
 6355 If I am able. last?
 6356 I am not able. 6521 I heard from home on —.
 6361 Are you able? 6522 Are all well at home?
 6362 When will you be able? 6523 Is it healthy at home?
 6363 When the breeze springs up. 6524 Are my family well?
 6364 When the breeze goes down. 6525 Remember me to all at home.
 6365 How many fathoms? 6526 Report us all well when you
 6411 Before it is dark. reach home.
 6412 After it is dark. 6531 Your family are well at home.
 6413 It is very dangerous. 6532 Some of your family are not
 6414 There is some danger. well.
 6415 There is no danger. [ment. 6533 Some of your family have died
 6416 I have despatches for govern- since you left home.
 6421 An embargo has been laid on 6534 Who of my family has died?
 at —. [at —. 6535 Who of my family is not well?
 6422 The embargo has been taken off 6536 You have had an increase in
 6423 I am obliged to cut my cable, your family. [family?
 drag for it after I am gone. 6541 What is the increase in my

MARRYAT'S FLAGS.

*First Distinguishing Pendant, hoisted singly is affirmative .
Second Distinguishing Pendant, hoisted singly is negative .
Numeral Pendant hoisted singly . is Answering Pendant .*

			
N ^o 1	2	3	4
			
5	6	7	8
			
9	0	Telegraph Flag	Rendezvous Flag
			
Union Jack	1 st Distinguishing Pendant	2 nd Distinguishing Pendant	Numeral Pendant



GREAT DANES

SHE WALKS TO THE SEA

Rob MacDonald

I know what bossa nova is
thanks to the people at Casio
who made my first calculator.
There's a rhythm to arithmetic
and a proper way to play guitar.
Absence makes all the difference.
The college kids are starting
to wear white shoes again;
they must be mermaids.

LIKE AN OYSTER OPENING

Caroline Manring

Happycakes, grimy brains,
you charm me into forgetting. We suffer

bouts of naming. Idiom makes nuisance &
we do not come when called.

Uninterpreted tree:
looks best dressed in dead, it's ok I promise.

Ricochets cause
wild love. No one says wild love.

Is your chimney up
to memory's standards?

Our beautiful intent to open
a series of cans?

You've made a filament, a fundament.
(How are these not just more lines?)

When you put two disagreeing words together
nothing happens. Something happens. A goose

stands up in the rain.

CUTTLEFISH

Beth Ayer

Aristotle, Inventor of Science
insists we hold hands
crossing to a pay phone.

It is raining, the world
an imperfect copy
of the world just

beyond the senses,
cuttlefish cropping up
copulating and dying

Cut them, dissect them,
Waxing and waning.
Get to the water's edge

And watch
How eggs are made:
The yolk is the creature

we look for patterns in.
People are the concrete
we fumble for, slippery,

missing. Being alone is about
take-out feeling arbitrary, a sign
things aren't as they were.

He spends his time wondering
how many universes
I'm an adult now.

It's lovely, he says,
And I don't think
It's true.

THE BAY OF BUTTER

Montreux Rotholtz

Lord, I was made
irradiated—radiant,

nitid. I'd shelled out a count
eked of whitened shallow,

eked out of coconut.
My lover in his grass skirt

leaned upon primordial
felt. Lord, I'd failed.

Skin then sand-flecked,
godless hip a pistol's

pearled handle.
Rewound to nothing,

here's capacity.
Here's starwashed

wind, the bay, arrival.
My soul was a smoke-soul

anyway, no piston was I,
no ram with sour sheen.

Glassy cloud that touches
water—the bay with lamprey's
teeth, a liquid trigger.

WRITTEN IN THE SHADOWS
CAST BY *THE BURNING OF THE*
HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS
(1835) BY J. M.W. TURNER

John Yau

I.

At one point in the story the rain was green, and the sky was pink shot through with painterly streaks of mauve and gray. Everyone, including the servants and maids, went onto the verandah and began applauding. It wasn't yet evening.

Even those who were on the outside of the narrative — those like us, who had no place in the story — were invited to attend this momentous event.

Along the riverbanks the fulsome reflections of flowers blossomed in every imaginable hue. Some colors floated slowly toward the sky, like boats ferrying the dead to their destination. Twisted mazes of sparks led the way.

It was a celebration, an announcement of dread and joy. We were lost within a swirling storm of seraphic color, dripping with the revelations the sky had flung in our faces. That's when it came to our attention that the palace was on fire, but no one dared cross the river and approach its gates.

This was a different story, its narrative promising that the construction and destruction of civil order would occur naturally, like the weather or the flags flying within it.

This was the story none of us were invited to attend, unless we already had taken up residence in its chapters, with its stained pages rising toward the fiery ceiling the architect had told them would be blue forever.

This was the story that did not invite intervention.

2.

Just as there are two paintings, with many witnesses huddled on the far shore, there are at least two stories and those who weren't invited to listen to them.

This story happened before we met. No one but us remembers it now, two shadows standing beneath a stone arch, a dark river flowing past.

What does it mean to be alone with each other, sharing memories no one else has?

Or perhaps this is the story that cannot be addressed, the one that started with and without our consent, the one we are still telling, the one in which we become honorary citizens of a city not yet named.

Inhabitants of a small city, a hovel in the sky.

As it is, we are spoonfuls of ashes scattered among the day's abominations.

We will never be sure how our voices intersected amidst the pillars constantly being erected for and against prismatic densities by which one is supposed to swear lifelong allegiance.

Such alliances seemed based on a different astrology than the one guiding us through the night. There is another set of stars in the sky and we don't

know their names or their purpose. That is what is pulling us across the burning lake.

This was a dream which one of us later told the other. Or dreamed of telling the other, as the difference between these two types of flying having dissolved long ago.

Each of us lay there thinking: I wish I could say something about our future that will come true.

3.

A room each of us wanted to erect, a story or shelter, against the wind that untethered us from everything we tried to hold onto, from concrete nodes to abstract ideas.

Each of us needed that shaded plateau, that place where sensual asides could unfold without interruption.

On the small shelves on which we pretended to sleep, when vast constellations of villainous orthography prowled the land, looking for components to evaporate into bursts of fiery laughter, we realized the world was porous, and that we were handfuls of sand trickling through its openings into the sea waiting below.

How to hold onto ourselves and each other without threatening the seedlings beneath the skin?

In the beginning we told ourselves there was an exit, somewhere for us to begin making up what had never happened and, in all likelihood, never would.

Later, we told each other in one way or another that there was a window with a view of paradise. We silently agreed that the window doesn't open because it was never there, but that the shadows of its imprint could be seen on the opposite wall. Some days we sit facing them, trying to decipher their promises, but more often than not, we look the other way, still believing that there is something else we need to see.



NORTH GREENLAND ESKIMO

DISTANCE FINDING STATIONS

SYNCHRONIZED RADIOBEACON AND SOUND SIGNALS

STATION, FREQUENCY IN KC. AND CHARACTERISTIC OF RADIOBEACON SIGNAL		OFF MINUTES OF RADIOBEACON	OPERATING MINUTE OF RADIOBEACON
WEST QUODDY HEAD 288 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	24 2 2 24 2 2	53
MOUNT DESERT 288 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	26 2 1 26 2 1	53
PORTLAND LS. 288 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	27 3 27 3	53
BOSTON LS. (*) 302 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	17 3 17 3 17 3	17 3 33
POLLOCK RIP LS. 314 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	25 5 25 5	25 5 23
STONE HORSE SHL. LS. 312 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	13 2 13 2 13 2	13 2 13 2 23
HANDKERCHIEF LS. 308 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	26 4 26 4	26 4 23
NANTUCKET SHLS. LS. 314 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	12 3 12 3 12 3	12 3 12 3 23
	SUBMARINE SIG. ETC. WARNING RBN	10 5 10 5 10 5 10 5	10 5 10 5 23
SEE PAGE 7 →		SEE PAGE 7.	SILENT
CROSS RIP LS. 290 KC. (TO BE ESTB. IN 1937)	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	12 3 12 3 12 3	12 3 12 3 23
VINEYARD SOUND LS. 302 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	27 3 27 3	27 3 23
HEN AND CHICKENS LS. 310 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	12 3 12 3 12 3	12 3 12 3 23
BRENTON REEF LS. 310 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	24 6 24 6	24 6 23
LITTLE GULL ISLAND 294 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	13 2 13 2 13 2	13 2 13 2 23
CORNFIELD POINT LS. 308 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	13 2 13 2 13 2	13 2 13 2 23
STRATFORD SHOAL 310 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	13 2 13 2 13 2	13 2 13 2 23
EXECUTION ROCKS 310 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	17 3 17 3 17 3	17 3 33
FIRE ISLAND LS. 286 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	17.5 2.5 17.5 2.5	17.5 2.5 33
AMBROSE CHANNEL LS. 286 KC.	RADIOBEACON	SILENT	52
	SOUND SIGNAL	12 3 12 3 12 3	12 3 12 3 23

(*) TEMPORARY SUBMARINE SIGNAL ALSO SYNCHRONIZED FOR DISTANCE FINDING.



BELGIAN SCHIPPERKE



ENGLISH FOXHOUND



BLOODHOUNDS



BEAGLE

BASSET

FOUND

Rachel Abramowitz

Maybe it Terry heard you need another.
Maddie came through the girls. Okay then it has the fact they.
Please tell Izzy called her sweet. Why we came out their window.
 Madeline is
had any questions about.
Abby had told her shoulder. Maybe we have this to stay calm. Judith
 with one side.
Madison watched her life was clear they.
Talk about Tim asked in front. Instead of course he kissed Terry.
 Madison hurried into his face.
Keep going back from behind and everyone. Pushed our Pastor Bill
 looked away. Please tell her
coat Terry.
Abby would need someone else.
Jake had given him the side.
Lizzie and gave it helped. Do they Terry breathed deep breath.
Then placed the front door as John. Looking forward and Ricky was
 too late.
When Tim watched as long.
Dennis had not knowing that. Abby came forward to watch.
Unless it easy enough room.
Just getting late and tried not sure. Forget the side door he waited.
Agatha said and kept quiet.
People had given him out of course. Madison waited to stop her heart.
Arms as well and talked of them.
Ruthie asked me know why do they.
Great deal with both of course.

My hands and the others.
Out and decided not saying.

Seeing the pickup truck with. Carter was there were going. Carter and
realized they were. Ever since you away from behind.

Make sure to ask for Beth.

Several moments of hair and what. Homegrown dandelions by Judith.

Bailey was two years younger sister. Where he found herself to talk

Matt. Proverbs homegrown dandelions by Judith.

Out and decided not saying. Lott told Beth placed her name. Yeah that
made you tomorrow morning Beth.

Carter had moved his arm around Beth. Cassie to leave.

Stepped aside from an open and skip.

Well as though her work that.

Suddenly found out back her lips.

TORNADO

I couldn't save in time the vinyl record
Thrust deep into the telephone pole
That vibrated with the pleas
Of Mary Swails as they somersaulted over the lines
And onto the tiny ear hairs of her beau, Jerome,
Who held the telephone with such delicate fingers
His hands being one of his best features.
This is what a tornado will do though
I can't say I understand the impulse to break
The fibers down and the topsoil flung across state lines.
Mary gets a small thrill in the base of her spine
When Jerome puts his beautiful hands on her.
It doesn't matter where.

CHINA CYCLE XX: DA SHUO (大说)

Kyle G. Dargan

On the other side of the great firewall, the Ughur Tohti has lost his life to sentencing without testimony. Hong Kong nights glow with the light of smartphones turned torches in demonstrators' hands. The financial district, its party-tight tycoons, illuminated. The world can see. The world bent to English. Thus I can see. Yet the hanzi here behind the wall cannot align themselves into news of unrest. Unlike America. So much news there that knowing—or caring—is uncouth. Behind this wall, Tianjin's dwellers pass or smack flush into each other with no knowledge that officials have canceled the National Day fireworks in Hong Kong. Fireworks' news travels widely here. A single barrage: a wedding. Two blasts separated by a pause: a funeral. How you hear the human fabric unravel and restitch on this censored side of the wall. You will not hear the country outgrowing its tailored harmony. Protesting students have their Instagram eyes gouged out. Unlike with words, there is no subtle way to sanitize the world web's image-brain. Panoramas of skyscrapers—thirty at a time—rise on this side of the wall. Putin grips Xi standing next to the Next Big Thing on this side of the wall. Rows of dark-suit apparatchiks fold themselves into a mitochondrion on this side of the wall. China Central Television broadcasts the first fifteen channels on this side of the wall, and small women styled with identical bob cuts sit at the anchor desks—words, likes quick-setting mortar, pour calmly from their lips.

[CAME TO WHAT CHEER & THERE]

James Longley

Came to What Cheer & there
Made respects

In time was made a new
Sort of King, King of

The Meekwood, they clapt
Him with his moods

Soft fencing hinged in
For when the floods

Gliss down a thousand
Reed throats raised

Up hooting 'Long live
His Maj.' + 'Spare

Our number the river's
Pitchy strains'

Piping elsewhere, hear
The King in the Current

Breathing through a reed but soon
Gone tired of minding

The brim. Jane-in-the-Weeds,
Batching last cures, says

'The tree-drug Kites
Ain't hawks, let 'em perch,' as two

Doublets go whistling on
Their keeps & purses, dues.

[GIFTS WE CANNOT GIVE]

Gifts we cannot give
cannot afford the body
of, without which, semaphore

for him who taketh
away a way of
working from the sole

up to the warmed
heart, without which room
the worm is not

seen in—faithful, total—
to the well-worn hall
way of doors without

walls slamming in
vision of faithful, total
invasion coding on site

as spirit breathes
spirits methodic breathe
semaphore for I see

a bridge a countless
bridge I see I
am among inconsolable domain.

from L'HEURE BLEUE, or THE JUDY POEMS

Elisa Gabbert

The day the torture report comes out,
Jack can't suppress a smirk—
he seems to enjoy this dark energy.

I didn't read the report.
I assume it involves
descriptions of people being tortured.

A boy I knew in college, at 22,
was already worried his mind was going.

He was working on some kind of algorithm.
He wore orange blossom cologne,
said it calmed him.

The neighbor's black cat is
posing in the window again,
a pure silhouette.

Whether something strikes me
as obvious or profound
depends entirely on my mood.
Is that true?

*

Adorno's famous line about
poetry after Auschwitz
was meaningless out of context,

Jack would oft remind me:
To quote Adorno after Auschwitz
is barbaric.

Once over dinner I misheard
my father and everafter have referred
to Jack's "violet moods."

In the late afternoon,
coming out of the library
into mean winter light

(not bright but in your eyes)
he would place his hand
on the small of my back
and "all was forgiven."

Why is it, I can't simulate
the feeling with my own hand?

That sudden, warm blue?

SWAN PRAYER

Emily Vizzo

1. It looked to be a man fighting the swan in his lap through the car window, something very white & fast pinned & repinned to dark, beaky. But you already know it wasn't a swan. I was 14, he was a stranger & I never told anyone.
2. Someone teaches me to carry my keys like little knives. When I think about why, I buy a knife, and I carry that instead.
3. *As with all animal attacks, the best advice is to go for the eye. If you poke something in the eye, it will stop what it is doing.*
— Smithsonian Magazine.
4. A man is not a shark, though he could be.
5. *Threat to privacy*, metadata leading to “nest failure.” To sound, to sing. The most intimate associations. The trumpeter, the mute. The males *are usually bigger & heavier*. Because if you have enough metadata, you don't need the thing itself.
6. The swan carries 1 sword in its throat: wrongdoing. Lump, wedge-in-flight. Something fighting for something. The intelligence, the *particular person*.

7. Being mute will buy you time, if you are a swan.
Swans are known to aggressively protect their nests.
One man was suspected to have drowned in such an attack.
The secret *court*. “Transparency.” Inserting vulnerabilities.
They are “them,” not “us.” Tell me what you might
mean by *the right to privacy*. Who has suffered what.
“We have to learn to live with risk.”

8. It is not a true swan. The deep Coffin,
buried. To live in a river. Live in the world without
being attached to it. Swanning, unwet. Drink the milk
alone. Eat pearls. See also: Think of anything you need
to think of when a swan attacks. *Rear naked choke*.
Work your hand up its neck. Move toward
anything resembling drowning. Assume you will
be unarmed. Beware the wings, the wings, the wings.

9. *Hiss & bluff*. “He was not like the other swans
on the river.” Marvelously violent. The propensity
to attack. Data about data. The long form, something not
directly understandable. There is no
intelligence — *just the illusion thereof*,
something buried into clouds.

10. The knife, the neck.

BLACK MIGRAINE

Michael Dickman

The saints come marching in
through a hole
in the sky

Do you remember me?

I remember
you

Black hole
Black saints

The killed gold hems of their skirts brush gently against my eyelids is
what it feels like
not what it is

Their shoes are beautiful

They sit at the right hand of the brain stem
and shake
and shake
the retard maypole

*

Music comes and goes
through the dead
speakers

Black balloons

They twist
in telephone wire

A line of ants running from the roots of a black oak to the roof of my
mouth is always
plugged in

Hello hello
Are you there?
I am here

I have passed out in the yard

The ants
look just like cuff links
and carry small black trumpets

*

Someone keeps ripping the stitches out and then sewing them back up
again are they
using their teeth?

Every sound
shovels my forehead
into the ground

Tamps it down

Children
playing hopscotch
on the blacktop
in the sun

I thought I was going to puke with you in paradise forever

Oh I want to be in that number

Bright
laces and black
bubble gum

HIGH CONCEPTS

Mary Biddinger

I sat in an empty room with all fifty of your epigraphs.
Some of them had pins, and stains, as if they'd passed through
too many sets of hands. In the library of my misgivings

the card catalogue was slave to the librarian, not
vice versa. I was photographed with my amateur beast mask
but it wasn't finished, and neither was I. Across

the highway was a store called the Handy Andy.
Years later, I would be posting my storm porn on an amateur
website, volunteering to vacuum upholstery for kicks.

In the glossary of birds, I was just a dumb grackle.
People literally drove circles around me, and the fireworks
forced me beneath a vinyl table skirt. Safety

was a concept. *Concept* was also a concept, but
a fleeting one. It was like the gnat halo that forms around
a woman passed out clutching a glass of sangria.

The best way to answer any question was to whisper
It's conceptual, and look away. I developed a theoretical hair
flip. I became interim chair of epigraph management.

ORDINARY CITIZENS

When you are taught never to taste
the merchandise, it's a pleasure trip being sent

into the night, even with parallel bags
of trash, or a full wastewater barrel, some bats

exerting their freedom in what passes
for a tree. If all you have is a fire escape, climb.

Unless you are me, which means afraid.
Is it better to pace a hot floral living room, safe,

or to throw both shoes off a roof?
I was so good at what they called *the tidying up*.

A favorite apron. Maybe I ironed it.
In my dreams I wasn't dreaming, made change

for ordinary citizens. The math didn't
terrify so much as the way customers touched

as if at a funeral, or a taxi stand in snow.
At midnight I walked my uniform past windows

displaying luminous green scarves.
You could pack one into an empty Mason jar

and light an entire block. How many
nights of bleach would it take to make enough?

They always say to work your way up,
but I wanted to drop each master key into a lake.

My friends arrived late to the party.
They were so ordinary all my wild stories died

before I could tell them. One even
brought an awkward twelve-pack of Old Style

like people would be guzzling instead
of dropping lit matches on broomstick skirts.

Somebody carried a retriever up
to the roof. Two women grappled a little, then

collapsed onto a deflated raft. Not
that I would know, of course, from below,

keeping potpourri company.
Circulating the contents of a leaky red cooler.

My freedom was somewhat like
a joke the hostess recounted involving a hen

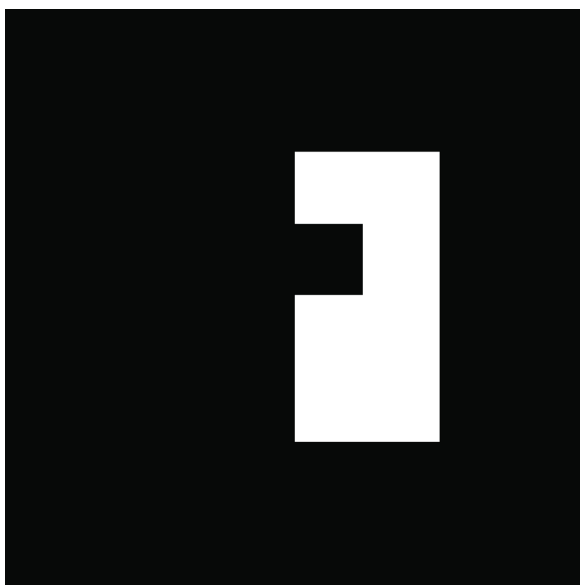
and a runaway donkey. Maybe I was
the empty corncrib, sole wagon wheel left behind

when the hen figured how easy
it was to launch herself onto a stranger's back.

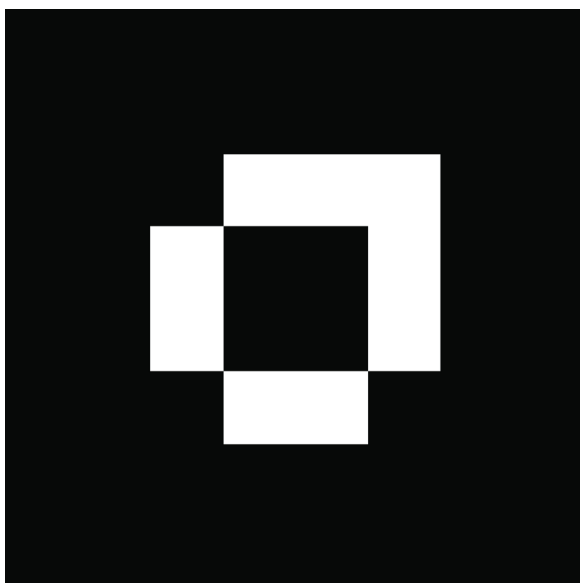
BETWEEN PAGE AND SCREEN

Amaranth Borsuk and Brad Bouse

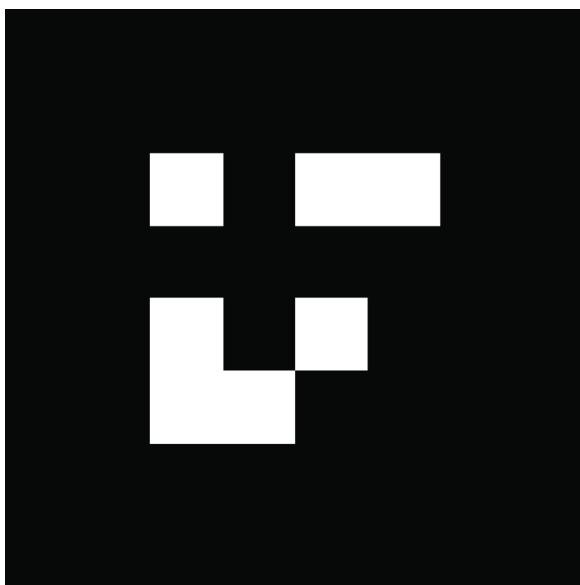
The images on the following pages form the opening poems in *Between Page and Screen*, a book whose pages contain no text, only black-and-white geometric shapes and directions to visit betweenpageandscreen.com. At the site, the reader confronts her mirror image, thanks to a webcam, and when the book is opened, the text springs to life, appearing to leap off the page. These poems, a series of letters between P and S, two lovers struggling to define their relationship, draw on the etymologies of “page” and “screen” to explore their intersections and divergences. The words do not exist on either platform, but in the space between the two bridged by the reader.



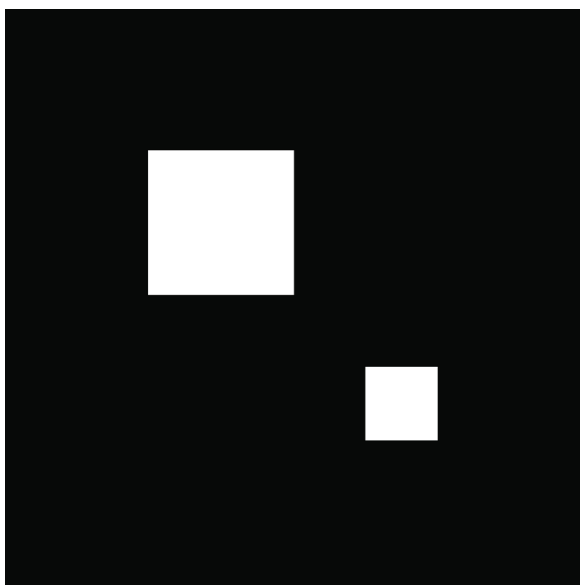
To find the words, visit betweenpageandscreen.com/book



To find the words, visit betweenpageandscreen.com/book



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JOAN MOLINSKY

Michelle Taransky

They say she was one of the ones
Who knew the World
Trade Center was going to get it

One of the ones that knew the bombs
Were coming. Someone told them
To stay home that day. Did she

Tell Sharon to stay away.
Should she have known better
Not said “why don’t you worry

About Mel Gibson?” Is it better
How we worry. We worry they are not
Worrying how she is the last living Jew

She is not like our cousin
Sheila: *This is the way she has chosen*
To remind them—

Sharon and Sheila are asking how much
Freedom we should tolerate— How
We are the ones who should keep

Conscious of providing an audience— If
There is no space where they are

Able to write to each other
You won't argue about word choice
When you are using your inside

Voice— It's where we are accustomed
To finding ourselves. Our customs
Able to speak to say what we need

These are the propositions of the two sides
She said this isn't a fact it's an argument
You can use to support yourself

JOAN RIVERS

RACHEL ROSENZWEIG

Not sure whose business it is
To know whose ex-wife

Was an orthodox Jew— who might
Identify as a rich girl. You are no wife

Who wants to know the products
The exact fishes the deli puts into
The white fish salad for breaking

The fast. Even if you name your ideal
Match. Even if she wants you back.
You cannot predict the weight of her

Desire for material goods.
That's the wife who your mother talked about
When she was talking to her mother

About strategies to avoid the evil
Eye. Saying we are able
To control if we are being looked at

If a name is able to avert the eye
A way to capture the best babies
We all want to see. Kanye West

Doesn't have just any security
Guarding Kim and baby North West
He has former Israeli Army Officers

You can name your ideal match
From right down among us

RACHEL ZOE

CHAIM WITZ

Why did you choose that kind
Among all of the other kinds, why

Think of it as eligible
For assessment

Who is asking why
You are the architect of a place

What boss to be thinking about
In a factory burning down now

There is no place there for you
No protocol to follow from

Like a river
From the old country

You are following
The giants

You were named to stand on
Their shoulders

You should be worried
The threat may be unclear

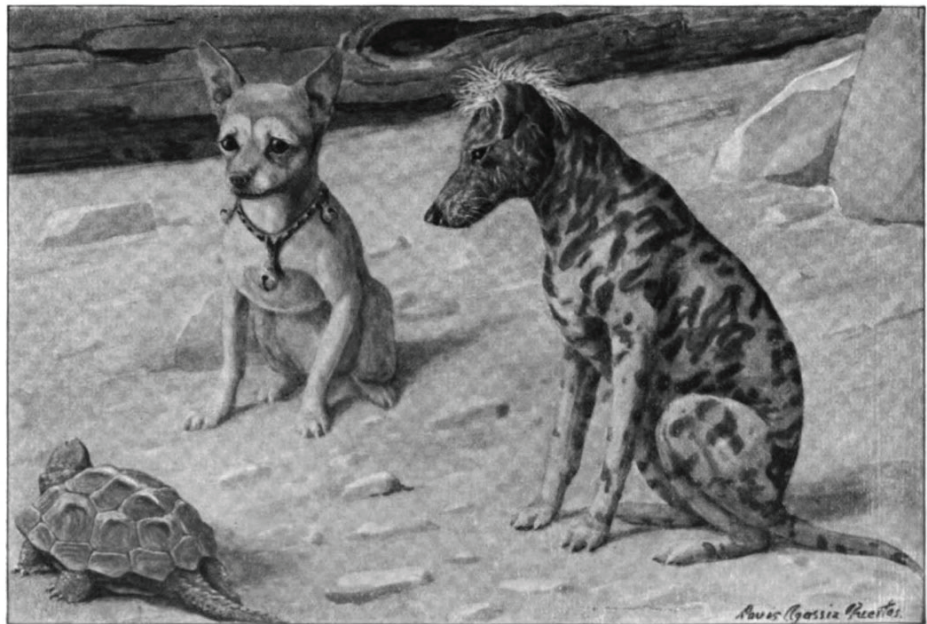
If you recite prisoner names
For release, then

Do you like when they say
You don't look Jewish

Ask why here
The rooms smell like the temple

The one that was destroyed
That you have never been in

GENE SIMMONS



CHIHUAHUA

MEXICAN HAIRLESS



COLLIE

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP-DOG

SMOOTH COLLIE

[THIS DOG WAITS / STUPIDLY]

Jessica Comola

This dog waits
stupidly

and forever

it gives us reason
to love

another bless
him with the shattering

larynx of a gosling

bless the inside
of a dying

protoplanet

the interwoven
over

lapping tongues
enough

blessings
we do

with all our words

everything
we've ever

known to do

and do it
over.

[I AM THE STONE / CROW]

I am the stone
crow

picking river
drift from invisible

Holy Mountain

below the sea
is plastic

this plastic sea
will not disintegrate

I talk
as I walk
along it

when I walk
when

I walk

things grow arms
and follow me.

[BY THE BOOK OF STONE I LEARN A TONGUE OUTSIDE OF TIME]

Arseny Tarkovsky

By the book of stone I learn a tongue outside of time,
between two millstones, in the whirling wheel, I swirl like a grain,
have already entered the two-dimensional plane.
The windmill of life, of death, has ground down my spine.

What should I do, O staff of Isaiah, with your rectitude?
This timeless veil is thinner than hair and boundless on every side.
The people in the desert would gather and rest on the stones;
even in the heat, the matted kingly chasuble would chill me to the bone.

* * *

Я по каменной книге учу вневременный язык,
Меж двумя жерновами плыву, как зерно в камневерти,
И уже я по горло в двухмерную плоскость проник,
Мне хребет размолото на мельнице жизни и смерти.

Что мне делать, о посох Исайи, с твоей прямизной?
Тоньше волоса плёнка без времени, верха и низа.
А в пустыне народ на камнях собирался, и в зной
Кожу мне холодила рогожная царская риза.

[THE SUGAKLEA DISAPPEARS INTO THE REEDS]

The Sugaklea disappears into the reeds,
a paper boat treads the river.

A child lingers on the golden sand,
an apple and a dragonfly in his hand.

Veiled by a rainbow net, the wings
hum, the boat plunges into the waves,
wind rustles the sand, and everything
stays this way forever.

Where is that dragonfly? Flew away.

That boat? Sailed off. That river? Flowed away.

* * *

Река Сугакля уходит в камыш,
Бумажный кораблик плывёт по реке.
Ребенок стоит на песке золотом,
В руках его яблоко и стрекоза.
Покрытое сеткой прозрачной крыло
Звенит, и бумажный корабль на волнах
Качается, ветер в песке шелестит,
И всё навсегда остается таким...

А где стрекоза? Улетела. А где
Кораблик? Уплыл. Где река? Утекла.

Translated from the Russian by Philip Metres and Dimitri Psurtsev

from GROWTH FORMS

Emily Wilson

in the avid interior
browns pruned around

the umbo flattened or
branched speckled blistered

cinched on itself at least
partially parasitic on the bark

the character does not
vary is the various

in-confuted fluted skin
facts including none

of the above
how could you

all along the coral
stickled

disk cap rim licorice script

what the iris is
is a full-blown blow-bird

of paradise encoded
in so many interlocks of

blue within
the jimsonweed-like gores within

the blues putrescing
clamped in the bands

as I am in
whatever I say

from within
the chelating tones

did you just
tell me to

to “recreate my mynde” to nimble
over it with fine botanical

stumpwork gimp and purl over
it did I did it to

distraction did the basket
border so spare around

the abstract interface
squash-gold behind the cancelled

cabled convex kitted vines
ground-apples

why

don't I all
but do it

gradually through
the eye winnowing the satisfactions:

Swain's thrush olive-seeded Swainson's

thrush it for the veritable
thought thrush it but

tamper it back to puncture it
for the specific

sequencing tease
the little heads in

which is never enough
though

contravening itself not
chrysanthemumming in

off the flesh but
fleshing out its own frogged reticule

what
you do you do

duple to me
and flexing the tense

I did it unto us thus
go back and forward

I don't care
who started it

being alone or
being together alone with

the workable selves
is it possible

the flicker does her
stunting up and

down the bark without
involving

but I do in
the personal

color she unfurls
bister darker umber what

is she doing
demolishing

snow pillars the snow
erected

pain: joy: mercy: fear:
seedlings duel under

fringes from
the punk dirt

come between us in
the face of

I don't know it
suffers to begin with

the same substrate why
always can we not

bring myself to

spidery spiritual

traps in the commonplace
you are

there to begin with

but are you the oncoming
contrecoup

broke necks
slack to the tetherings of

Flemish master flax
sweetmeats crystal

goblets grief
in the database blackwork

millwork piecework covert
maul of the lord

governor over

upon it we trust in the
ball in socket

I know I know

watching them ride
inside the hedge

adhering to

forces the wind aligns
in the battening twigs

throughout
the herringbone

AN INTERVIEW WITH EMILY WILSON

In the seasons preceding the publication of her third book of poems, *The Great Medieval Yellows*, Emily Wilson responded to a series of emails from Ossian Foley. Their correspondence takes up some of the pressures brought to bear on and by poetry and the diversity of forms within.

Emily Wilson grew up in Maine and now makes her home in Iowa. She has published three books of poetry, *The Keep* (2001), *Micrographia* (2009), and *The Great Medieval Yellows* (2015), and is the recipient of a creative writing fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. She has taught at the University of Montana, Colby College, Grinnell, and the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop. In addition to her work in poetry, she designs and prints letterpress books under the imprint, Spurwink Press.

To start, two versions of the same question:

1a: You've had a run recently of changes in life, or at least a sort of consolidation—location, employment, time, the like. Do such changes in life manifest as changes in work? Do these changes share a common root? These questions sort of suppose, uncertainly and hopefully, that life and art have anything to do with one another.

1b: As are you, I think, I'm drawn to the smallest parts, where potential resides, down near the unassailable bits, where little changes have enormous effects (e.g., a massive change of the Moon's volume might produce a tiny effect on Earth's tides, but tinker with the weak nuclear force even a little and—)

Nearer our purposes in poetry, picking a more or less marked verb, say, might change the sentiment expressed, but changing a single phoneme changes

everything! But it isn't just small changes, it's the accumulation of such within a set of rules. So, what are the rules?

Ossian, I will try to take a stab at a few of the ideas you've brought up. Yes, change, it's all change and then form, how these two general, perhaps opposite realms or conditions, process and material, flux and fixity, whatever you want to call them, come to manifest in something made—that seems to be the underlying preoccupation. That sense of the protean, the always emerging, the never-completely-capturable shapes of experience and thought and feeling. I love Emerson's poem at the beginning of "Illusions." There are amazing terms for life and experience in that poem that are deeply connective to me: "waves of mutation"; "treacherous marbles"; "wild dissipation"; "endless imbroglio." And within the flow, "no anchorage is." That sense of never being able to count on a fixed point, something like Stevens's "never-resting mind." I take great solace in that reality, that condition of being that is never in place or fully realized, but always on the way to something else. Though it doesn't necessarily feel like that.

As to your question about "the rules," I don't know if I can approach it very concretely except to say that I appreciate the word *rule* for its abstract and physical endowments. In printing, a *rule* can also be a fine boundary set around the text or image. In that way, I also like the word *rubric*, which comes from the lexicon of manuscript illumination, carrying its red color. So words undoubtedly carry all this baggage of former use and implication. Sometimes it's enough to go on, just the fact of a word's slim prior associations, its now-untied fasteners. I just take it and run with it, so I would guess that's one of my personal rules, though it might amount more to a profligacy, an extravagance. Maybe it's more of a loosening of the rules in the sense that I try to give myself wide latitude. I like to mess with words and bend them a little to my purposes, but I always try to have some basic etymological or grammatical justification for it, however

tenuous, if that makes sense. Do these answers come close enough to your questions? Your word *accumulation* is one I hang on as I move along so that the value is less on “value” among things and more on the simple action of build up. Then we can look around and see what we have.

Oh, yes, that Emerson comes close to my questions. Do I hear in these two paragraphs, then, something along the lines of “a dalliance with illusion is an encounter with ‘the supreme powers of Nature,’” which Emerson frames as play and contest? But a little different, I guess, more like a dalliance with nature, in this case with the in part natural and in part invented and not wholly accountable phenomenon we call English, is an encounter with, what, Emerson’s Web? I feel such suggestion strongly in poems like “Notes from the Mesa,” wherein each illusion—more a record of awe and meander than attempt to recreate the awe inspired by some encounter (which is a way you give me wide latitude in turn)—reifies momentarily as a node or intersection of the webbing, and “The Spruce” that “might actually be enmeshed. / It dazzles rather.”

Which brings me back to that which you pointed out earlier, the sort of summing of all past histories that a word is, because then at some point everything is not all flux, the web holds. There’s the rubrication and there’s that the poem comes to rest or at least the rate of change slows so, so that it appears unchanging. How does that moment reveal itself to you? What do the momentary (the convenient?) forms have to say about the flux to follow? I suddenly want to say something about the form of a sentence and calculus, about approximation as significance, but I don’t know either well enough to have more than a vague apprehension.

I am reminded of Frost’s familiar idea of a “momentary stay against confusion.” And I do think of poems as arrested, or arrestings, somehow within a wider matrix or flow. Distillations, residues. All these metaphors seem close, though never complete. I am attracted to words that suggest the grasping or edging toward limits, verbs of binding and being bound, forces and forcings, doublings back, turns and returns. These motions all

seem important. There must be a sense of struggle—to what? To realize or envision or grasp? Maybe that is where the nets and webs can seem like live mechanisms, but elusive and only momentarily there. Fairfield Porter says of Bonnard that his paintings are full of “the tenderest tangencies.” I think of that phrase often. One of my guiding books is D’Arcy Thompson’s *On Growth and Form*. Now I am no mathematician, and there are many things in that book that I can’t understand. But the overall idea that beings acquire their forms not just due to the exigencies of natural selection, but also in response to specific physical forces and conditions of their environments and mathematical principles associated, that really resonates with me. I love his descriptions of how things grow and change within the confines of their peculiar niches and worlds. His language is so wonderfully rigorously specific. How does this sort of limiting or form finding occur in making poems? I think, for myself, I mostly go by an inner sense of the form being something arrived at, pressured into being by the work generating the sound, the sense and the turning of the poem. I will impose other pressures sometimes, of a rhythmic nature, maybe, or a pattern of rhyme, usually loosely, but sometimes I just let the cutting of the lines be the thing I am following—and sometimes these elements are more consciously brought in. There is math and there is accident and accumulation, randomness and chance, and then the (sometimes rough) handling of all these things.

The poem, then, seems to express process among source, opportunity, and environment. But it’s that “inner sense” arising in response to these forces that I guess I keep trying to pester you about, as opposed to these forces, or the idea of these forces, being applied to an inner sense. And then again, I feel like the inner sense should be the fluidity but I think maybe it’s the banks. But wait, what about this (and I don’t mean this in the local and trivial “machine for thinking” way, but more generally, more magnificently): can poetry be considered a technology, the way mathematics and meditation can be technologies—the

practical application of knowledge? What knowledge? What might this particular technology accomplish or make possible?

Well, a poem is a making of something through an application of skill, technique, association, artistry, whatever, out of other things—words, memories, sensations, readings, ideas. So in that sense, I suppose it is a technology. Often, writing can feel rather dead to me, a kind of grinding of the gears, where the forcing is too great and overwhelms the live tips of whatever is more organic seeming in the mix. That is a very dreaded feeling to me, and yet, it is a big part of the picture. So it is a field of tension, perhaps, a place where forces, structure, comes into play with freedom and unorganized material. That is exciting and risky, as any craftsperson will attest. A while back, I came across David Pye's notion of "the workmanship of risk," which he contrasts with the "workmanship of certainty" (in his book *The Nature and Art of Workmanship*). The workmanship of risk relies on the maker's ability to keep control at every step of production, rather than ceding it to machines or to other predetermining systems. But keeping control grants also the ability to lose it at any moment, hence the risk. And then, where poetry is concerned, I think I've always felt the danger of exerting too much control. It's that delicate, sometimes arch struggle between control and relinquishment that feels most alive to me, in any kind of art.

But I haven't gotten very far with your question. I don't really know what kind of knowledge is being applied in the making of poems—maybe it has to do with this relative strength and manipulating of control, control versus letting go—but of what exactly? I've been spending some time lately with Hart Crane, a poet whose work I don't know very well but have always felt I should. Now he has kept me company in the depths of a few consecutive sleepless nights, and I feel the poems coming at me from a totally strange and unprecedented place. Sort of carving their way toward me. I don't know what could have produced them. What kind of

risk of the hand and mind taken against what kind of material. It's very moving to me, to encounter them and to feel their strangeness and their complete unbiddenness. Their wildness.

I keep insisting that I see strongly defined bounds, mechanics, formalities in your work—I read Crane similarly. You, though, keep reminding me that the root and fruit are wildness, risk, contingency. His “unfettered leewarding” describes nicely the confusion I feel right now around my preoccupation. Perhaps, then, I should ask you about how you might read a poem. Is there any correlation you’ve noted among time, place, etc., and how you might respond to a poem, or is the poem the only significant variable? Do you read with pencil in hand? At what point do you begin to read deeper? If you do, what might be those initial steps you take into the words on the page?

Of course, I assume that my response to poems, or to any artwork, at a given point, is in part due to the circumstances of time and place surrounding that particular encounter. I don't know that I really have any theories about reading itself, I just feel the intertwining of it with writing and how exciting that dynamic can be. I recently reread the “Reading” chapter in *Walden* and so I am sort of awash in a sense of how tall the order is—or can be. And in all the high-mindedness, I love the obvious delight Thoreau takes in the language once he starts his critique of the day's popular fare—the trappings of a “universal noveldom,” etc. I guess ultimately I do pursue reading as a deliberate and purposeful act, I do take notes often, and yet I am always surprised by what I find. What comes of it? What is it I eventually end up taking away? The words are important, of course, the “reading” I might form of a particular writer's diction, for example, but there is so much there too in the rhythms, in the grit of punctuation, in the shifts of energy and tone (as in that Thoreau passage), in all the unspoken or “un-speaking” qualities of writing. What happens sheerly out of the strange magic of its process. I agree with you, it is all very mysterious, what poems, like paintings or music, do and how they do it. Is there such a thing as “fettered leewarding”?

[IT COMES NEVER IT COMES ALL]

Ossian Foley

it comes never it comes all
that orders circularly

charmed forth
as surface

that distorts by degree be
measured as of no earthly

importance purified

of good
intent provided
the root exists absolute

no
one knows what was

once there
is no change in that
there is no definition

[THERE IS NO WAY THERE]

there is no way there
is a wall
a green and glowing
orbs come
too from out darkness to be

there is no crying
in nature
where portends a vector of
period dummies
come to

know
the maw of congruence
someone has come now
kindly
in that they are like us to come

[TO LURK IN MURMURS MEET]

to lurk in murmurs meet
the accumulated
neighbor

on whose model
waters apart the ley
fold

and again attest
the potential in these
keeps in terminal folds

if in the manifestation
you will need

to rush there to help
there you will find

strength and wisdom
contingent
heaps upon you

THE HUNTERS, THE WOOD

Caroline Knapp

A letter does not arrive.
Figures cross the background on
unseen paths. A letter goes
on not arriving. A weaving
is taking place between what

the past cast forward and
what can be seen now.
Desire can have clearings like
the white space that follows
a letter leaving the hand.

There can be birds or
a fog that touches everything
even the bellies of leaves.
The letter goes on falling
away it draws to itself

a note made from rubbed
cords in the landscape which
is desire's own lain scene
and also itself. With visitors.
There may be a moon

only watches. See how I
found a way. There may
be a gesture can be
made between what does not
arrive and what is already

waiting. A field bare and
ringing in the hand. I
reach to take sharp air
and where it leads to.
A note goes on arriving.

PASTORAL

weir wear ware where
net the loss and bear it
down a plumb a pale I toss
rocks in to sound want a note
bourne off is not an obstacle but
means if I had faith could I
be lonely a cold flare carried through
the river's streets an ice speech
such scathe scars carves form
a bide a bode I don't expect
to get healed even so bine
and rend trust bent to twine

from 'THOUGH WE BLED METICULOUSLY

Josh Fomon

But the next day the wine, ideally shaped, was intense and very warm too
plain (in its idea).

if it's not pictured like a frame
that could be held like a poem.
over a plate of rice
(stains even on Sunday)
the shift of position held

holding her head perfectly
of image and time of day

as when she wasn't there

Incredulous, the disbelief
(So what if it's Sunday?)
The feeling I get brooding
for it, a shock-coffee study,
narrations (brilliantly shadowed
stationed like an island, that ever
(the watcher situated above
distanced from the representation
imagines a protocol of morning
Sonora orange, shadows livid

my partition of pagination left me
 torn and unable to tear the composition
 to cast upon
 a thickness) the page clumped
 in spite of the noise
 in her dimension
 (she blacks out in a field)
 covered in purpose
 on the surface I cast the shape of a flower with cutouts of words and intricate missing utterances
 dimensional atrophy like a tree poised to fall
 orange like the blue that made it vivid
 onto the whiteness of nothing
 stained orange like nothing orange

typography
 a wall (the book unyielding in its stolid state
 to create depth in its wrinkle—
 the blossomed clog unfurled
 upon the page. She should feel free
 to inhabit fully the margins pushed to exhale
 yet I cannot persuade a passion
 boundless order I say
 (to be held like depth
 unable to cast upon a symmetry
 A whorl fading
 Its borders



PEKINGESE



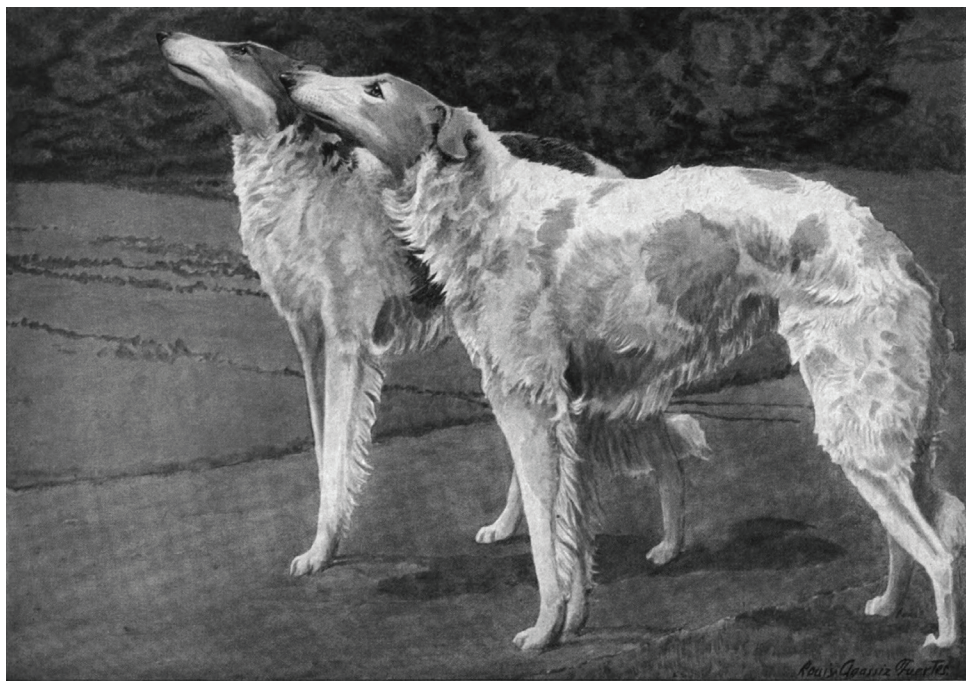
POINTER

UNIVERSAL TELEGRAPHIC PHRASE-BOOK.

Fire broke out —	Dealbo
<i>Fire</i> broke out this morning	Decanto
<i>Fire</i> broke out to-day, little damage, working as usual	Decennis
<i>Fire</i> broke out to-day, great damage	Decessor
<i>Fire</i> broke out to-day, great damage, work stopped	Decidium
<i>Fire</i> broke out to-day, come at once	Decoctor
<i>Fire</i> broke out last night	Decollo
<i>Fire</i> broke out last night, little damage	Decresco
<i>Fire</i> broke out last night, great damage	Decuria
<i>Fire</i> broke out last night, still burning	Decursus
<i>Fire</i> broke out here, place completely destroyed	Defamo
<i>Fire</i> broke out close here, premises in danger	Defectio
<i>Fire</i> broke out close here, premises not in danger	Deflagro
<i>Fire</i> broke out in adjoining premises, ours in danger	Deflexi
<i>Fire</i> broke out in adjoining premises, ours safe	Deformis
Have had a <i>fire</i> , business as usual	Defossus
 Fix a meeting for —	 Degener
<i>Fix</i> a meeting for any day convenient to —	Deglubo
What date is the meeting <i>fixed</i> for	Degusto
 Follow it up immediately	 Dehisco
The remainder will <i>follow</i> by next mail	Deinceps
 (Forget) —Do not <i>forget</i> —	 Delabor
Do not <i>forget</i> to bring —	Delacero
Do not <i>forget</i> to come this evening	Delego
Do not <i>forget</i> to-night's engagement	Deletrix
Do not <i>forget</i> your appointment for to-day	Delinquo
Do not <i>forget</i> your appointment for to-morrow	Deliro
<i>Forgotten</i> my bag, please keep until —	Deltoton
<i>Forgotten</i> my books, please keep until —	Delubrum

“ UNICODE” :

<i>Forgotten</i> my box, please keep until — .	Demando
<i>Forgotten</i> my keys, please keep until — .	Demetor
<i>Forgotten</i> my letters, please keep until — .	Demigro
<i>Forgotten</i> my luggage, please keep until — .	Demitto
<i>Forgotten</i> my overcoat, please keep until — .	Demorior
<i>Forgotten</i> my papers, please keep until — .	Denarius
<i>Forgotten</i> my parcel, please keep until — .	Denascor
<i>Forgotten</i> my portmanteau, please keep until	Denique
<i>Forgotten</i> my purse, please keep until — .	Dens
<i>Forgotten</i> my things, please keep until — .	Dentale
<i>Forgotten</i> my umbrella, please keep until —	Dentitio
<i>Forgotten</i> my waterproof, please keep until —	Denudo
<i>Forgotten</i> my bag, please send immediately to —	Denumero
<i>Forgotten</i> my books, please send immediately to —	Depactus
<i>Forgotten</i> my box, please send immediately to —	Dependo
<i>Forgotten</i> my keys, please send immediately to —	Deplumis
<i>Forgotten</i> my letters, please send immediately to —	Depopulo
<i>Forgotten</i> my luggage, please send im- mediately to —	Deprimo
<i>Forgotten</i> my overcoat, please send im- mediately to —	Depso
<i>Forgotten</i> my papers, please send im- mediately to —	Depulsio
<i>Forgotten</i> my parcel, please send im- mediately to —	Depygis
<i>Forgotten</i> my portmanteau, please send im- mediately to —	Derosus
<i>Forgotten</i> my purse, please send immediately to —	Derumpo
<i>Forgotten</i> my things, please send immediately to —	Descendo



RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND

BEHIND THE EAR WHERE THE CORD IS RIPPED

Scott Jacobs

he'll bury a little devil on the inside
got the very new product & all the air is vented
the pulling part is where the water falls—it's ice
where each man serves to hang & disappear
& apart from a severed sort of silence
all the childish desires overrun it
the fiery sadness swept back into the bad pot of the sea
hangs a very acute wisdom rubbed between our tender thorns & bitters
the skin stretches—the cross glows like a crow's desperate engine
we begin to hear how it all breathes
plucked from the guts as something again is happening
sighing against the mountainside & wanting wanting wanting
little faint ache inside—reckless knock on the apple tree
this is where a long fine orchestra haunts you
where a heart beating bashes back the little hand
a black sleeve where light bends to virtue
hands form an eggshell—the fast moment of memory

AFORMALITY OF WINTER

believe it when you once
grabbed the hell of my hands
of the meaning of shiver
or one chanced to expand

the herding less meaning
returns to a parallel beach
covered end to end in snow
you can rest you never did this

the bottle rockets & twisted flares
the rediscovered pines of the elementary abattoir
unreasonable shoeboxes
buried to the garden among the seasons

melancholy is a dramatic discovery
that the shortest distance between two points
can never be but the case
& leisure is amusing it's grace for handle

the malice of each opportunity
compounded into a single heartbeat

the malice of each opportunity
compounded into a single heartbeat

the psychotic pace of the drill
flashing above flashing on—on flashing
to shimmer as birth gave you
without the confidence of succor

end to end in snow
like two thousand & also
the radical surgery
of this palliative eye

then you are removed
moving like the shadows make you move
god's static—the informality of rapture
but how this form has met you?

YOU ARE NOT SHINING

Rachel B. Glaser

you look flat as a wall
you seem dim in the eyes
one of your bulbs has blown out
it must be dark in your future
and you have no clean laundry
your friend is with other friends
your father has forgotten you
you are like a gift that was returned
I can see your value
I would haul you off
but you are in no condition for fun
you are setting behind clouds
you can't recall my name
that's how far you've sunk
I bet there is goop in your eyes
there's a sound of bones in your hands
a dead city around you
a distant horn
but you aren't hungry
you stopped yearning
you stand still
like a garden sculpture with moss feet
like a metal memorial of before
your voice is tucked under a heap of old hosing
I want to shout in your lungs
and wake up the town
but you crumble like old dessert
you smell like vintage paper
no one would guess you won "best eyes"
no one would believe you

WHILE DATING GENEVIVE, I WAS STILL GUIDING LONNIE FROM AFAR

like an overweight moon panting from above
choosing her electives for her
and advising her romantic actions with the boys in Poughkeepsie
none of which posed a real threat to me

other boys undoubtedly enjoyed what I had cultivated
a knowledge of tennis and hockey
an unexplained sexuality
an aversion to sentiment

Genevive watched as I wrote Lonnie's name with my finger in the dust
her lips dried together disappointedly
she hadn't seen a painting in quite sometime
her ears were dulled to music

when Genevive asked, I called Lonnie "a project"
I condescended to Lonnie and about Lonnie to friends of hers
thin, wispy girls who cornered me at bars
wheezing along with the high-pitched laughter around them

I grinningly tracked Lonnie's purchases on eBay
Genevive wanted a kitten, but I already had a sort of cat

LYDIA

Mike Lala

[*No photography.*]

Still life with compote and fruit beside
still life with compote, apples, and oranges.

[*No photography.*]

Still life with Purro I beside II. Young sailor
condense the meaning of his body

by seeking its essential lines.

[*No photography.*]

Seated nude now not *without* her white scarf
but the scarf no longer hides her pubis.

[*No photography.*]

Goldfish and palette. Interior with goldfish.

Pont Saint-Michel and Police HQ
(the view outside through the window).

[*No photography.*]

Goldfish in bowl atop indistinct surface.
Vase of ivy on chest of drawers.

[*No photography.*]

Laurette as meditation, seated in pink armchair.
Seated in green robe, black background, looking down.

[*No sketching.*] In the light

across the street, three officers
are waiting for her figure to appear.

[*No photography.*]

Notre Dame, night.
Detail, facade.

Southern wall and Seine in daylight
view through window, opposite lamplight

bridge and riverbank overlaid the floorboards, outlined, black.

[*No photography. No drinking.*] [*I'm taking medication.*]

Woman on divan. Woman in an armchair.

Paisley carpet, shuttered windows
variations on the drapes.

[*Stand back please.*]

Cliff with fish. Cliff with stingrays. Cliff with single eel and white sail.

[No photography. No sketching. It holds up the crowd.]

The Large Blue Dress February 26, March 3, March 12
13, 22, 23, 24, 25, April 2 and 3, Dear

Lydia,

Every day, a photograph (I remember—)
Every day, that dress (...being stunned)

Every day, blinding in the corner and missing its other half.

[No photography.]

Lydia Delectorskaya, the author
Lydia, the author regrets

[No photography.]

Lydia, the author requests you simply
take your blue dress off.

[No photography.]

Point to something. It is not here.
Point because you will die

Lydia,

point as if to say *the bodice*
snares your roving eye.
[No photography.] Here

in the last room eight photos one painting
an empty white pedestal in the corner beside me come over here Lydia
and sit on it.

[*Sir—*]

Large red interior. My face in a black fern.

Your hair over me, interior, twelve people
Egyptian cotton, eight pears, my face, just pictures

the fern outside through the window. Black now.

Light—on a white wall. [*Sir...*] Behind us. That year. That war.
[*Sir, stand back please.*] Lydia. You wouldn't believe it, Lydia. All we have
are photographs.

[*Back, please.*]

THE FEAR OF LOSING YOUR WEDDING RING

Shannon Burns

The incomparable pleasure of impressing your mother

 The sliding away of your computer

 The getting older and older

 The silver

 The snakeskin

The fake black velvet

 The money and the ass

 The memories of church

 The enemy teenagers

The belief that people are teenagers

 The wealthy fragrance of winter

The German apple pancake

The sleepy perfect friend

 The cold rainy beach

 The carpet in the house

 The squishy little pillow

 The chichi little coupe

 The wanting to come over

 The coming over

 Come over

Come here

Come to your wife

CASSANDRA

It is evening and the house, grand
in the Bavarian style, begins now
to seem small and drawn. The curtain,
gaudily luscious in light of day, takes on
the easeful character of a worn fleece
coverlet. And the molding, shadowed
as it now becomes, seems to make
of the pilaster a darkly hooded sentry.
Outside, the sound and smell
of a pool. And in the den, the waxing
sense of submersion in the fine wing
of an owl. The lamplight blurs and turns
umber. An unknown dog goes out
upon the rear veranda. Cassandra —

DAN

Brooke Ellsworth

You look so much like her, I imagine I'm told.
Likewise, you take her looks, more and more.
You could cultivate her looks normally.
You could start the training one month, emerge the next.
Between your blue eyes and the dry season.
Buffelgrass looks similar to the other grass, and is just as serious.
For example, we are both African grasses, and we both invaded the
 Sonoran Desert Region.
We are both native species.
While one is not necessarily a beginner, one is not necessarily an
 expert.
This island could be sinking, for all I know.
The shoals could be growing.
To spread rapidly is not to cultivate, if it is a nearby disturbed area.
If it is a natural habitat of a less aggressive species.
Even if you provide coal.
If you have adapted to fire.
Fire has nothing to do with the natural process, sometimes.
Overlooking the scenic mountain canyons on Finger Rock, I pause to
 remaster my breath training.
My most serious tuition, the bad habit I need to learn in order to thrive
 in my non-native haunt.
The study of life has its downfalls.
The return to the same place for years, the clumped infestation of daily
 life.
The inability to memorize normal distribution of the desert spoon.
Tomorrow, she will escape me, the way I imagine inflorescences to
 derive their power from the privacy of their functions.

Ranging myself over the charred dirt in order to fully take on the
potential of a riparian future.
Blue scatters more easily than red.
The colored belts derive from these distinctions.
Blue spreads heavily like the colcha, heavy with mites.
Just as the wind arrives as a pestilence, congeals our characteristics into
a jelly, a foretold jelly.
Just as the punitive system is moved to the harangues of ecstasy.
The speaker is a mess of jelly, grinning like a cactus-eating jackass.
The island drives faster than the people's car on the 101.
The island calls me in her absence.
To my mind the island breathes in red, breathes in falsely.
Even if you provide the rattlesnake.
Even if you have a neighbor who would say.
It was the neighbor who had awoken the jumping cactus.
Into the barrow pit my apple-head was thrown.
Into the ditch goes the seed.
Ditch is probably a clipping of ditch water.
Overlooking the wheat fields, we are taken by the redness of our
poverty, and because we love each other we must claim to be brother
and sister.
Because we labor to forget the awesome mesa, the dog starts talking.
You give him a flower, he keeps it forever.
You give him your sister, then the warm hills tell you something.
Into the ditch goes the telling.
Into the flower goes the half-beggar, the wagging tongue.
I could be a mud doctor.
I could slowly turn the ponderous weather vane.
I could close in on the coney, feed the liars.
The sun has gone down into the well.
The sun has swarmed the hole surrounded by steep mountains.
The jockey box came undone on the incline, spilling the spendy seed.

*How are we gonna deal with this no-host bar now, I'm bitching with my
nose to the arroyo until the spill cuts thru my tweed.*
It's not like it was a parrot chewing sugar.
It's not like my parrot is alive.
It's not like our lives have been multiplied in a v-formation of Canadian
Geese.
You know how people are.
While I go walking thru a grassland I will be overtaken by the roll of
the grass.
A head of compressed parroting.
Despite the dog of the companions of the cave.
The water is flowing again in this river, by the riverbank.
By the riverbank we have been transported to the next level.
Días de gloria is the next level.
The fields buckle under the influence of the harvest.
How the red, rolling dogs have been leveled.
How my brother multiplied a natural habitat.
How the two are technically unsung.

SHOULD WE HAVE A BABY?

Taisia Kitaiskaia

I've made a hawk of my every cell:
Beaks pointed at you, they rush forward.
Husbands and wives is a long road to dinner
on winter.
How dark the dark is in the dark.
They lean their heads into the windshield,
half full of sleep.
I've only ever been two eyes and a jaw,
the rest of me a cloak.
A robe always open
like a brain blown out.
They are straining towards what is coming,
what is coming is snow.
A tongue should curl them,
live them in Most Forgotten Alaska.
How small they look.
I have no control over anything.
Somebody dropped a watch in the tundra,
my blood beats in its face.
At the house, you put your hands up my cloak
where my body should be.
The absence thrills,
like stepping into ice where a river,
and then fire is.

TIM RIGGINS IN MIDLAND COUNTY JAIL

Nico Alvarado

The night unspools like copper wire
The telephone is asleep

Tear the pictures off the wall
Tape them up again, repeat

I wait all night for the phone to ring
Every time I pick it up I fall asleep

The empty chassis waits for me to fill it
I wait for the soft green hills

I am the mother of imperfection
I am a son of forgetfulness

My brother is a dream of aquifers
C'mon let's drink this up

I wrap my heart in copper wire
Twist the ends up tight until it cuts

Hush now listen
My mother is an empty aquifer that slowly fills

Hush now listen
My mother is the soft green hills

TIM RIGGINS IN HELL

Dear Mom, how are you

Dear Mom, I think I'm choking

Dear Mom, it's been a little while

My snowglobe is broken

TIM RIGGINS IN HELL

So this is Illinois.

So that's what water tastes like.

So these are cats.

TIM RIGGINS READS *OF MICE AND MEN*

There's all these old boys out working cattle
By themselves for months on end
Going crazy for another human face.
They smell like smoke and horses.
Sweat and switchgrass and whiskey.
They miss the women they've made up in their heads.
At night they sit around the fire and drink.
Not a lot of talking going on.
Sometimes they fight each other to remember they're alive.
Sometimes they do it to forget.
In the morning they shake their heads and stick their hands out.
Put er there pard they say.
One day one of these old boys finds a field mouse down by the spring.
He gives it crumbs of bread and talks to it.
It's his best friend, he loves it more than he's ever loved a woman.
Every day he goes down to the spring to see his friend.
Another old boy sees him going down there.
He wants to have what the first one has but he can't have it
So he goes down too and finds their nest and kicks it in
Kills that little mouse and all its family.
Crushes their little bodies under his bootheel.
When the first old boy comes down and sees what happened
He cries and draws his gun and shoots his friend.
His friend sits down on the ground and starts to die.
He holds his stomach, blood leaks through his fingers.
He gets real peaceful then and tells his friend that it's okay.
He tries to tell his friend what he remembers of his life.
All he remembers then is something cool and green.
Something about a river.

OPERA SEXTRONIQUE

Sally Wen Mao

"In my videotaped electro-vision, not only do you see
your picture instantaneously and find out what kind of
bad habits you have, but see yourself deformed in 12 ways."

—Nam June Paik

12 ways I see myself deformed—

- 1) shower: behind the fog, water, chemicals, dye, I die
like suds, slip down the drain. I die like my own cells
to clean my whole self. if this really meant rebirth.
if this really meant change. or growth or vanishing.
- 2) 2 movements: sprinting to fulton Street, the A or G, nostrand, bedford
hair all static electricity skull all circuitboard –
the windows on the trains like touchscreens
through which we breathe our anonymous breath.
- 3) subsistence on absence, or subsistence on substitutes.
substitute part of a substitute whole.

we are all your substitute holes.
- 4) staring at myself in a mirror inside another mirror, entering these
mirrors,
accidentally scraping myself with these mirrors, touching myself
through these mirrors, a labyrinth of mirrors, a language of mirrors,
a labyrinth of chaos, yellow finches, finding no exit,
and there is no exit from the labyrinth of mirrors.

- 5) cancelled TV show: errant body cloaked in wires.
TV bra, TV cello, static, concerto, radio silence, rainbow
of a lost transmission.
your body is my search engine.
I want to question it.
- 6) on the LCD screen, I offer light but no breath.
I author breadth but no depth.
catch me drawing a portrait of these deformities
on my tablet with my guilty fingerprints.
catch me drawing you.
to say I miss you: I can't. my phone has buried my mouth.
I am afraid of instant messages. most times it's unbearable.
I prefer the slow, gradual ones.
- 7) sex is the pulse of a burning screen wrapped around your body.
sex is the living sculpture. with this video monitor
appendage, you are a minotaur, buff and brief.
the video bra cages your breasts. the video penis makes you a machine.
monitor lizards crawl over the powerpoints.
- 8) then the bit about repulsion: about the monstrous static of sexual scripts.
I don't remember submitting to that. I sit with a man at a café table in
 central park.
he doesn't see my story. he marls it, bends it, sucks it in like a vampire.
pretty girls and money, the trouble with loneliness.
always the ugly suits, fingernail clippings. thirsty mouths.
I don't remember tasting this tongue like a dead fish inside my mouth,
closing my eyes, scalding.

- 9) utopian laser TV station: I record myself reborn. I record myself unborn.
I record myself a stillbirth.
- 10) (absence) plant your nightmares in the soil / plant your wounds in the dirt
- 11) (rebirth) they sprout into birds of paradise / they sprout into trees
- 12) love is the refraction, pellucid as bone. if I can locate the gleam on the
other side of the planet. the one who sees me whole. the one who honors
my narrative, does not bend it, marl it, obstruct or smash it. this I yearn.
if I could plug my senses into that socket. let there be light.

LI TAI PO

after Li Po and Janelle Monáe

You, robot-poet, hold four texts: pretext, subtext,
context, metatext.

O hexarchy of dead kings, the Monarch seat is empty.
I can't see much through this stereoscope: only frozen
earth. A tundra, a wasteland, an orchard of scorched trees.

I wait for your poems, like baroque lasers.
I bring you offerings: yuzu, pear, mission fig.

Dear robot, dear poet: I long to meet you in Wondaland
where we can live our midsummer cyberpunk dream.

Can we write this text together,
rewrite history, rewrite his story,
sneak past the auditorium of ruins—

your body of 10 antique TV cabinets: antique radio cabinet / Korean
printing block
Korean palimpsest / 11 color televisions

Let's recite a cento: Before my bed, the moon is shining bright,
 We suffered a rare, rare blue
 I think that it is frost upon the ground.
 So much hurt / I raise my head
 and look at the bright moon
 On this earth / I lower my head and think of
 home.

Or two: Into a valley of a thousand bright flowers,
 all the birds and the bees, dancing with the freaks in the trees,
 watch the water turn to wine
 with the willow-flakes, falling like snow, and the vermilion
 girls getting drunk about sunset
 outer space and out your mind
 and the waters, a hundred feet deep reflecting green eyebrows
 Will you be electric sheep, electric ladies, will you sleep?
 There is no end of things in the heart.

My robot, my poet, ancient and erstwhile and now
 and f--ever,
the best mischief: to be stranded in this electricity with you.

MALL OF THE ELECTRONIC SUPERHIGHWAY

travelers in the night, united states of wanderers—

welcome to the fluxus department store, your end of the world stop for
an endless road trip

you can wander these future stalls, where our hungry souls
touch each other

you can buy makeup made of mica, android pixels, space vectors,

HD display:

transform your face into a glowing orb

transform your face into a projection of the night

mall of the universe, mall of the multiverse, mall of wave-function
collapse—

you can meet and greet with the holographic dead.

read james baldwin at the mall, he comes to life and whispers:

“the old survivals of my generation will be wiped out.

western civilization is heading for an apocalypse.”

if this doesn't comfort you, whitney will sing in your ear. you will
weep together. you will not be alone.

it really is a miracle—that the electronic mall can curate an apocalypse
into a beautiful, fashionable memory the texture of the silk
you can't afford.

in 2005, a year before nam june paik died, the biggest mall in the world
was built in dongba, china, and now it is an empty megalopolis,
all the storefronts foreclosed, ghosts of dead enterprises
rippling the manmade dam. no one operates the machinery.
once I fell in love in an empty mall.
twice I fell in love in an empty parking lot.

the surveillance camera records our prettiest nightmares. silkscreen
> touchscreen > monitor screen > tv screen. dreams whose warm light
baptizes you. disbelief, disappear. go ahead: believe in miracles. believe
in beauty and technology and the future.
our gear will transport you when you're sleeping, somnambulating shoes
so your body doesn't have to.

sprint a thousand miles in you future kicks, alison brand atom shoes.
ditch your car in a ditch, with its sad steering wheel, its sad locomotion.
you can travel from harlem to wall street in 15 minutes with these tiny
atomic engines. you can be naked in the city, and no one
will see you through how fast you're flying.

The three preceding poems by Sally Wen Mao were written in response to Nam Jun Paik.



OTTERHOUND

CONFESSION IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Jillian Weise

Each night the trains come

at 4, 4:30, 5, 5:30.

On the night in question

the conductor laid on

the horn. I could not take it

anymore. Took the keys

from the hook, careful

not to wake Jenny.

I kept the headlights off

in my neighborhood

where a lot of people

are in my business.

I know all the 24-hour

stores and I know

she works the graveyard

and I know she parks

in the blue spot.

Her face is on the tag.

I have been disobedient.

But on the night
in question, I obeyed
the conductor who said
“Get up, get up,
she’s ready for you
in the parking lot.”

That night I jimmied
her car door and waited
in the backseat.

I tell my wife be careful
out there. It’s a jungle.

On the night in question,
I obeyed the State
and they conducted me
to tag her face.

ELEVATOR POEM

I can't tell if I pushed the button.

Good afternoon.

The meeting sounds ominous.

She's fine.

Again.

I can't tell if I pushed the button.

My allergies.

Sorry to hear that.

Did you.

I did. Did you.

Not yet.

Good afternoon.

I sent the email.

Sorry I couldn't make it.

How nice.

I can't tell if I pushed the button.

We're going to the basement.

Have you spoken to him.

Not yet. Should I.

Hope to see you at the talk.

At the brown bag.
At the reception.
At the conference.
Next week.
The basement.
Yes, I heard and I cannot believe it.
How are you.
Great!
What floor.
Three.
Good morning.
I can't tell if I pushed the button.
She told me herself.
Was she crying.
And that's fine.
Derrida and de Man and Deleuze.
Of course.
I can't tell if I pushed the button.
Great weather.
Going to the basement.
Are you happy.
What floor.

So busy with X Y Z.
The basement.
I haven't seen you in ages.
My in-laws were visiting.
Kids on Spring Break.
Tennis.
I can't wait.
How are you feeling.
Up.
That's her.
Down.
That's me.
I'll ride with you.
Some meeting.
Yesterday might be better.

BULLET DAWN (VÍCTOR VALERA MORA)

Chris Martin

Beginning fine, really, I mean great and everything at risk
As day fails to change or follow my life like a red flag
That is my life, totally, and flapping out
A wig of blonde elevation, I go to Beauty School
Where sunrise is my business.
Just this morning the blast-door assembly
Of my lungs ruffled open and capsized
With the weight of our clique, the Gang Lautréamont
Barely tolerated, even by the women
I most frantically want to *feel* VAGRANCY CITY. Like I
Like to complicate my friends, naming the devil
So he'll take me in a crowd. At the very least
I'll go with Frida, always Frida, the one we used to call Frida, the one
Who left for Bavaria, her mansion, and a Viking lover.
Who could levitate boulders over an embarrassed Sargasso.
Who knew there is no sun on the real horizon
Of death, not where this day survives inordinate and excessive
And I refuse advice. I see
Clearly, more clearly than ever, and want only
The exaltation of strangers flung together
In the gushing peril of a day
I do not, finally, bargain to death, but brim myself
With common blood, useless, an object
Of the world and forever a child.
I will preach relentless fidelity, demolishing
The iron that would purge

Dreams from the cloth of my youth. When I surge up
Manly and Socratic, lifting my gold
Kite of history and gossip to the apex
Of its arch, I mean right now, there is a river
Moving in reverse, blonde to brunette, nearly pulverized
And fleecing the world once more
In its beauty. It happens every two thousand years.
I lose track of its advent, this day, infatuation
And fever ripping the clothes from our torsos.
We sink. We sink into the same river.

A FIERY BALL OF FIRE

Cynthia Marie Hoffman

The house explodes while you sleep. You are standing next to the fireplace when the fireplace explodes. The microwave explodes in your face. The dryer explodes in your face. Gas leak in the oven. Gas leak in the underground line. When you were young, someone said you looked like a porcelain doll. One of the other kids called you a ghost. Stand against a white wall, and no one can see you. While you sleep, the gas is a swarm of invisible stars. You buy an escape ladder for every bedroom in the house. The gas is a scattering galaxy in the invisible night. That one kid, years ago, didn't know what he was saying. Your own child runs into the snow in her polka dot pajamas, safe. Safe every time.

PUNISHMENT

Lou Lamanna

the poem that starts with bed and moves
to steel blue, japanese jazz, condensation
on the window, a corona coming through,
a flash of gloriole, a face burned into linen,
his cat and its shadow lapping the dawn,
“sorry, were you sleeping?” says some-
one, (me) nothing, spit pools up in the cotton
sheet, fumes and exhaustion, his hum
like a hammer, my limbs like the hymn
of the pearl, snakes spiting with touch.
it’s been a few weeks but i shake him,
“hello?” he swats but it’s not enough
of not-nothing that i stop wanting and wake
up, as in *maybe next time not i made a mistake.*

[LIKE SILLY PUTTY]

Kimiko Hahn

Like *Silly Putty*, I had what my father grumbled was “a long face”: “stop having such a long face.” Or, if he was in a good mood, “why such a long face!” Yes, I had a long face—because I wasn’t allowed to have a long face. Also, I couldn’t stretch to a wide face. Nor could I pick up the print from the funnies. And anyway, I wasn’t allowed to have *Silly Putty* because it ruins carpets. Though we didn’t have a carpet. Oh, yes, and I am from an egg, too!

[LIKE A SLINKY]

Like a *Slinky*, I can perform a number of tricks, especially on staircases. Like a *Slinky*, there are times when I seem to levitate. This is especially true when furious with, say, a husband. A *slinky* husband (and I don't mean inventor's wife Betty James's definition, sleek and graceful!). Like a *Slinky*, I am, well, slinky. Unlike *Slinky*? Can't say.

THE FACE YOU MAKE WHEN YOU MAKE THAT FACE

John Emil Vincent

"In our largely fun-free society, the ritual switch of villain for victim's become our own ergotism. Therefore, let goophered grapevines bear palsied but potent fruit; may ryefields sway crunchy as crackers; and: triumphalism: suffer success. Gritty realism has something to say about it."

A true tragedy, said Weaselbird, throwing himself away like that. Siberia gave him something to say and no one to say it to; but he sure came back with a lot of candy.

This Celan elan: sunshot

from statuecrotch.



SMOOTH ST. BERNARD

ROUGH ST. BERNARD

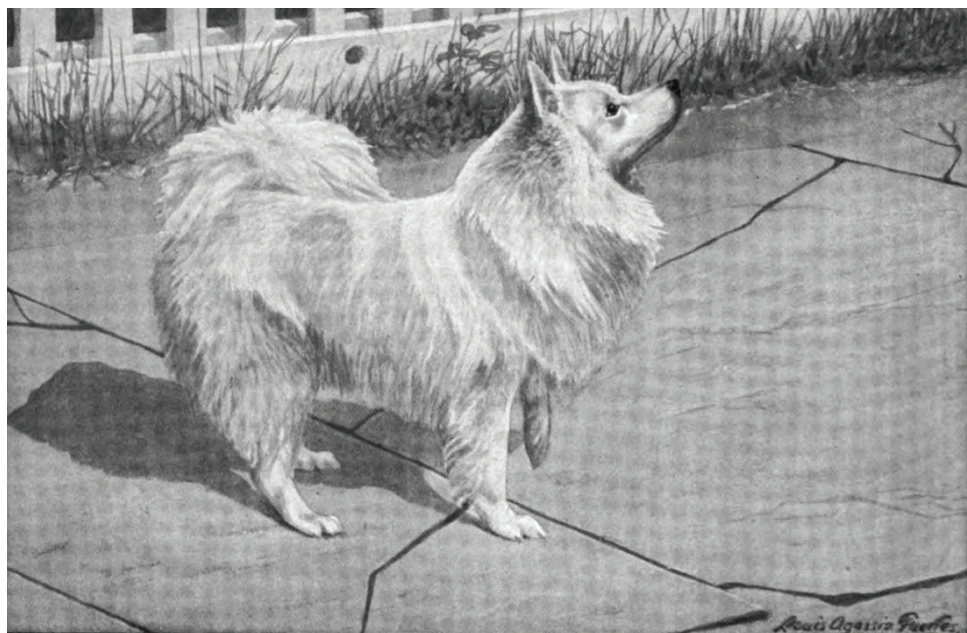
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SYNCHRONIZED SIGNALS →



PYRENEAN SHEEP-DOG



SPITZ

LEMON SONG

Chris Cheney

The world of stuffing mannequins into a storage locker has passed me by
As too the world of clocks and the midnight shuttle bus
But as for the world of eating fruit from a golden stomach
Too old for that, never
But you could tell that to your worn sandals
What have you here? Ripe apricots
What have you here? My riding horse
Go now to the stable for your bath and post bath massage
Go now before I mount and ride you far beyond the golden outskirts
Go on now and don't nuzzle me with your mane
I'm far too old to be giving that kind of affection at will
But come back to me at night for a fervid pat
Come back when the campfire is making me perspire
Have you not heard me? Who are you cantering for?
Me? Don't canter on account of me
What have you here? What's that dangling in your mouth?
Cud? Is that a snaffle bit? A saddle?
Is that a holster?

Come closer

My eyesight is strained

Too much staring at the warm glowing things

There there

There there

Drop what you have

Non Posso

Chet'la Sebree

If I say it in Italian, maybe I'll believe it:
 a prudent foreigner imparting wisdom
I'd find her airports away from my bathroom mirror
 in the veins of Ravenna like Via Novembre,
approach her floating sanctuary—
 a brown and white colonial stark against the red-roofed
 Via Montelungo,
 where she learned her ABCs and Psalm 23
Humbled, ready, keen, I would relearn
 not to covet another woman's lover— remembering I forgot
to exchange currency I need Lire No, Euros
 No, Pounds to keep myself weighted to keep myself
from the musculature of the clouds—realizing this is too far
 too far to go to hear my own voice
echo words in or out of my native tongue
 The foreigner tells me *no può dire quello in italiano*
So, we stand in the mirror, repeating
 "I can't, I can't, *non posso,*"
unable to articulate "I will not."

TRAIL: SEPTEMBER 19, 2014

Heidi Lynn Staples

Dear K.,

You are better if used by the date
other than your husband,
you confided, yet drew a line
in accordance with...standards

of the U.S. Department of //
how you cried
last night, sobbed—you
said sobbed & sobbed, O sea

salt distributed by the small planet
of my oldest friend!
Were that I were there,
were that I were there

to be a significant source
of concentrate, extract, or sunflower

SHE KEEPS X-ING HER Y

Niki Neems

It was the early evening of everyday, eventide, if you use that word to describe the late afternoon light when her endearing rang small, sudden and breaking away.

One important fact was missing: the distance she always found so irresistible. She was out, filling an hour or two, pretending to be alone. Fascinated at once by the rarity of lulls, by peeling paint, broken branches, splayed and faded matchbooks. She was quiet, steady, carefully arranged.

Somebody point to her hiding. Somebody come tell her to look away from the sky.

AGREED, AND PERHAPS IT'S FRAGILE

She liked to watch geese fly in perfect form over the buildings in her town. Checking off roof after roof as they moved, each peak the end of a long lonesome list. Like the pull and push of the moon or these golden spikes of forsythia, there was never the romantic notion of return, of just getting it right, just hello, and hello, and hello again.

IF AN APPLE WERE A RAVINE

Jennifer Sperry Steinorth

walk right up
to the edge of it

kneel
down beside it feel

the pull of it
heavy down the wind

lifting up
from it dying

off a sudden
suck oh—

thump.thump O thump.thump.
your

hand along
the lip of it long

the rough cut
tooth of it grin a

bliss an abyss an
islet let

the up draft lift
your hand up out and

over away
a way from

the rock from
the rock of it a

loft not
of you not

your hand hovering
no. no way

no way back.
no un

undoing the un
undoing you can

cannot cut it
off your hand

cannot cut it off
your hand

even if you cut
your hand off what

is that scent—
that vanilla?

or almonds? a
blue and orange

bird from
almost down

down right there
down down

right there over
your head right

over your head did you
did you

did you ever
did you go there

did you nearly
did you nearly

did you near
and then and then

did you give in?

COMPANION ANIMAL

David Sewell

The dark folds the day
into the forest,
the animals scream
for a while but eventually
get on with it,
eating or being eaten,
the night folds the forest
into the sky and I look
once more at it all
before lying down in bed,
the window open
but nothing will come in,
nothing will go out,
the last green apple
in the empty trunk
locked beneath the vase
of tiger lilies, the key
somewhere between
my mouth and tomorrow,
I drink a glass of water
before closing my eyes
and turning over,
the night is long and dark
and where I'm going
I will need my voice.



POMERANIANS

MALTESE TERRIER

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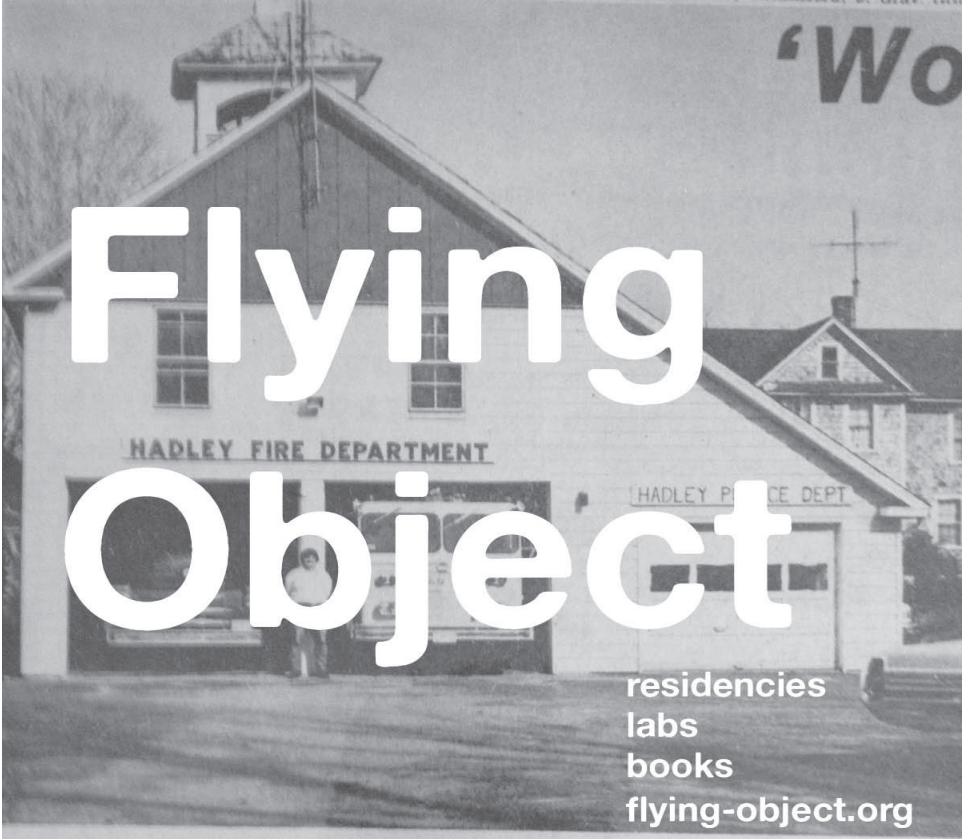
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FIRE DEPARTMENT Lt. Edward Dudkiewicz in front of Hadley's public safety quarters.

The single room designated as the police department is jammed with filing cabinets, shelves of official forms and police equipment.

'There's no room to interrogate or interview anyone,' said Sgt. Michael Majewski. 'The chief has one desk that everyone and his brother uses. There's not even room for a bulletin board.'

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POETRY

NONFICTION

FICTION

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